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The ARYAN PATH

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THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

THIS monthly publication of 16 pages blends the past and the present by reprinting old articles from H. P. B's *Theosophist* and *Lucifer*, and W. Q. Judge's *Path* as well as throwing the light of Theosophy on modern events. All articles are of practical interest.

Principal Contents for December 1933

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" Psychometry "

"The Indian All Faiths Conference"

"The Brotherhood of Religions" (Bombay U. L. T. Lecture)

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AUM

Point out the "Way"—however dimly,
and lost among the host—as does the evening
star to those who tread their path in darkness.

—*The Voice of the Silence.*

THE ARYAN PATH

VOL. V JANUARY 1934 No. 1

PATRIARCHAL ORGANIZATIONS

The intimacy existing between man, the individual, and humanity is but an aspect of that vaster intimacy between him and all Nature, visible and invisible. Individuals and groups of individuals use this indissoluble intimacy for a variety of purposes, in a variety of ways. The friend or lover uses it to exhort one individual; a prophet to exhort the masses; a priest or politician to exploit the many; a tradesman to exploit the purchaser. One poet or philosopher may inspire thousands without particular effort and without ever knowing how deep his influence has penetrated. On the other hand, a statesman or even a saint, meaning to do good, often succeeds only in precipitating harm; fine deeds, even those which spring from noble motives, sometimes fail in their intended purpose. Advice given so that good may result may not only confuse the recipient but may even push him into doing wrong.

In the stupendous and baffling task of reconstructing the social order, different schools of educators use this principle of intimacy differently; but most of them seem convinced of the final efficacy of action from without. By legislation, by direct influence exerted over the feelings, by a pull of a muscle or a push to the mind of humanity, reformers expect to restore order here, there and everywhere. Modern knowledge supports the doctrine of reform from without. Belief in that doctrine is so strong that the very existence of its complement is not even suspected. The pivotal doctrine of the ancient spiritual philosophy is that man himself can and should regenerate himself. Unless the pupil is ready to receive instruction, the teacher can do but little. Lasting reform, like true immortality, has to be secured by the individual, not only with the aid received from others, but by self-effort and self-mastery within.

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In the modern world-order the individual's place is determined on the principle of egocentricity. Egotism flourishes, and its catch-words are many, *e. g.*, "self-expression," "magnetic personality," "knowing and speaking one's own mind," etc. And universal and impersonal bases of conduct are never thought of. Thus the individual occupies a position detrimental to his own well-being and that of the society to which he belongs.

In our civilization the individual has lost his rightful position; family and state absorb him so completely that he has no time to ascertain if he can call his soul his own. That organizations are not the end but a means is recognized theoretically; practically, organized religion enslaves the soul; organized education curbs the mind; organized society colours the morals; organized politics dominates the body. The perception and conduct of the individual are, generally speaking, superior to those implicit in the programme of his party, club, or church. He suffers more than he recognizes from the limitations of the organizations to which he gives allegiance.

How to raise the status of the individual? This is the question, it seems to us, before modern civilization. Collectivism—socialistic or capitalistic or of any other type—is bound to fail if the individual is not given the place he deserves. On the other hand, individualism as a political philosophy has failed because it has not assigned its proper place and its legitimate value to the organization.

Organizations are necessary. They are but the manifestations of interdependence subsisting between the objects in, and the principles of, Nature. But interdependence is complementary to self-dependence; therefore, the value of any organization depends upon its inherent capacity to arm the individuals it affects with the power to raise themselves individually and with the faculty to enjoy freedom on all planes without injuring other units or groups of units. The moral elevation of the individual by state and society can take place only when the ideals and the programme of the latter energise him to soul-choice, to soul-induced action, to soul-devised effort. A new type of organization is overdue, an organization that—strange paradox—is not an organization, not to be governed by votes and committees and rules but by wisdom, sacrifice and discipline—a patriarchal order, in which the wise and the wealthy practise greater philanthropy and sacrifice than the ignorant and the poor, while observing the principles of universality and impersonality.

Our civilization needs such organizations—organizations which will free men and women to think for themselves while educating them in the *principles* of free thought, which will not interfere with their character but seek its ennoblement, and which, finally, will train their perceptions to recognize truer values so that the number of individual altruists will increase.

WHAT IS WORTH SAVING IN EUROPEAN CIVILIZATION?

[**Professor Jean Guéhenno** is Editor of the French international review, *Europe,* known for its interest in Indian literature and culture. In reviewing his *Conversion à l'humain (Conversion to the Human)* in our pages of December 1931 Mlle. Dugard wrote: "M. Guéhenno has not one of those highly detached minds for which a diagnosis is alone sufficient. After exposing the evil, he seeks the remedy." Other books of M. Guéhenno are *L'évangile éternel* (*The Eternal Gospel)* and *Caliban parle (Caliban Speaks).* The following article, especially written for THE ARYAN PATH, has been translated from the French.

This journal has steadfastly opposed the Eastern tendency to ape the West, while favouring the cultural *rapprochement* and exchange of views which would raise us all to a plane above and beyond geographic limitations.

While the West basked in the glamour of apparent material prosperity, the temptation was strong for the educated youth of the East to admire and imitate. The devastating failure of its formulae for success has left the West almost bankrupt in the very aspects of life which it had exalted, often at the expense of human and spiritual values. The proud western mind has now found "some cancerous growth within her own moral nature," said Dr. Tagore in a recent noteworthy lecture at Bombay. "The West," he added, was "producing in the countries with which it is in contact a diseased mentality." The poet however referred to that form of spiritual expression which "we find in the lives of the best individuals in western countries. . . In these individuals it reveals itself in loyalty to the cause of truth for which so many of them are ready to suffer martyrdom, often standing heroically alone against some fury of their national insanity." This is but another way of expressing the view of M. Guéhenno. Though the sense of human dignity may be, as our author claims, the flower of western culture, it will grow as fair in eastern lands.—EDS.]

What is worth saving in European Civilization? Such is the question that has reached me from a distant land and has reawakened in me an anguish of twenty years' standing. Perhaps in the midst of our present confusion, an effort to answer this question will help us to find a way out of the maze—if it be true that such a question moves us to probe into our innermost depths in order to find that which has always been the greatest hope of that part of the human race to which we belong, namely the European.

Twenty years ago we lost our way. Sometime in 1917, when I was idly turning over the pages of an American magazine, I came across a hideous coloured illustration entitled *Finis Europae*—The End of Europe. Upon a road strewn with the wreckage of ruins, a terrified child, a young girl, was running, seeking a place of refuge. I, at

first, believed in the completeness of this disaster. Now I know, or fancy I know, better, and am persuading myself to believe that we are not at the end but at a beginning. A new Europe is being born out of our sacrifices, our blood and our tears. Maybe the mortar used in the building of civilization would not harden unless it were mixed with human blood. When an old established system was dying, to give place to Christianity, St. Augustine uttered words which are doubtless applicable to all revolutions. "Flesh," he wrote, "must pass through the wine-press if spirit is to flow forth in its splendour." I should willingly adopt this as a motto for the history of our time.

Truly from time to time it seems that all is lost. The war, even though we were its victims, made us, in some sort, criminals. Every nation, under the stress of the will-to-live, jettisoned what renders life worth living. Who among us can say that his hands are free from the stain of blood? No matter; after so many follies, errors, and crimes, there still remains something within us which, if we are strong enough to salvage it, may, nay must, merit the esteem of the world.

Let us put aside that flimsy paper-soul which books and newspapers create for us. Let us put aside the false discussions and artificial problems which enmesh us, despite ourselves. There is, I think, nothing greater in the European consciousness than a certain sense of human dignity. Either this will be preserved and enlarged and come to inspire more and more our social and political institutions —in which case Europe will be justified; or else it is decaying— and then Europe will ere long cease to deserve a place in the history of civilization.

Christianity is dying. Let it die, for it has ceased to nourish our souls. Once upon a time it helped us to become aware of our own souls, but now it has degenerated into a second-rate market of passion and self-interest. Too often it justifies the world we live in. Compromises, conciliations, are killing it. But even while Christianity is dying, something else is rising in its place, a Religion of Man, every day more demanding, every day more clearly defined. Nothing is more touching than the story of its development. I only know it as far as it has affected the small *canton* in which I live, but I am sure that in all the provinces and in all the literatures of Europe one can find sentiments and phrases akin to those I am about to quote.

I find the first notes of the new faith struck in the writing of Sénancour and Benjamin Constant. "In a world of mingled pleasure and pain," declares Sénancour, "it is incumbent upon man to increase joy, to fructify expansive energy and to oppose in all sentient beings whatever tends to degrade them or to promote suffering." Thus the man of Europe, becoming aware that he stands upon an earth subject to infinite vicissitudes and beneath a heaven which is deaf to his prayers, realizes that he is alone

and that his only resource is within himself. But this very thought gives him back all his courage: Man has no other Providence than man.

This is the faith really that inspired the noblest deeds of the nineteenth century; the romanticism of 1820, like the humanism of 1520, was a renaissance. It is but an expanded humanism, no longer restricted by the limits of Greco-Roman culture, but eager to promote the union of all races and all civilizations. A warm wave of human tenderness seems to have impregnated the atmosphere. The sense of human dignity grows side by side with the feeling of social solidarity. Michelet summed up the new creed in a striking phrase: "To be more and more ourselves, that more and more we may be brothers." Thus the history of Europe for the last hundred and fifty years, from the French Rovolution to the Russian Revolution, from Condorcet to Lenin, has been, in its noblest manifestations, none other than the history of the gradual attainment, by a steadily increasing number of individuals, of human consciousness and human self-respect. And the Rights of Man proclaim the lawfulness and necessity of this growth, as Michelet has pointed out. Every man must enter the promised land.

But the unsteadiness and hesitation of the nineteenth century prove that the practice of a faith which is solely and purely human is most difficult. For such a long time, for centuries even, we have had all kinds of guides and systems. Humanity has advanced, slipped back, lived as best it could, ingloriously maybe, but still it has lived. It is a big thing to take charge of oneself; it requires great courage to depend on nobody but oneself. Need we be surprised that some have refused to live according to so tragic a faith and have lamented the loss of the old prayers and the old consolations? Need we be surprised that even those men and nations who have accepted it should make mistakes and lose their way, now and again, since it is but a short time since they took up the guidance of their own destiny?

And the new faith has had from its birth its Pharisees. Over-confident idealism is beset by the risk of Pharisaic exploitation. The right of the majority has been legally recognized, and yet the sovereign people are humbugged. Already in the eighteenth century we find Diderot saying: "To own slaves is a trifle; what is intolerable is to have slaves and call them citizens." But that is precisely what we are still doing. Most of the constitutions of Europe seem to indicate that Europeans are masters of their own destiny, but a mechanism, most fatal and overwhelming, overshadows their lives, degrades their occupations and deprives them of their dignity the very moment it is proclaimed. We have to destroy this growth of Pharisaism. It is spread over Europe, over the world; it masks everywhere the reign of force and the tyranny of violence, and there will be neither peace nor order until it is destroyed.

In the enthusiasm for their new

faith Europeans have not thought that circumstances may be stronger than man. They overlook the insolent manner in which things go their own way, and they fancy that man is master. But now, intoxicated by our power, we have no longer the capability of regulating it, just as a disordered heart cannot control its pulsations. Thus "things" have taken their revenge. In this disillusionment, the slow conquests of reason do not satisfy us. We demand a miracle; we want history to read like a novel, and so once more we hand over to some outside agent—some saviour or tyrant—our lives and destinies which at one time we were so proud of ruling.

I cannot here enumerate all the causes of our failure, and I take up once more my main theme. It does not seem to me that our troubles—not even the Great War itself—point to a complete failure. All that is worth saving in Europe, all that she has ever offered that is useful or noble, may be found in the formulae and examples of a revolutionary humanism, at once clear and bold. But the important question is whether such a humanism will win through or be crushed.

There is no difficulty in classifying the parties and doctrines which actually divide Europe. The great line of demarcation lies between a dream of happiness and a dream of dignity and self-respect. I am not scorning happiness, I am sure that happiness is one of the main pillars of self-respect; but if Europe is ready to sacrifice her honour to happiness, she will have lost the faith which made her greatness. Even now, our masters, those who hold sway over the material part of our civilization, declare themselves able and willing to furnish the masses, who have so long desired it, with a certain amount of happiness; they promise a peace and security such as has never before been known, provided the masses hand over absolute and complete control of *everything* to these masters. Europe is full of dictators ready to manufacture happiness for people, but they will do nothing to maintain the people's self-respect. And why? Because such men are not afraid of happy people, whereas they dread those who are animated by a sense of human dignity.

Which dream will prove the more powerful, that of happiness or that of self-respect. The "masters" are ready to degrade the masses; they are willing to amuse and to feed them, and so we have Americanism, Rationalization, Fascism,—a return to I know not what dark age. Shall we be content with the lot of happy slaves, or shall we maintain that the only happiness worth having is that which we have won for ourselves? Are we strong-minded enough to refuse, if we must, the offered *panem et circences*, for the sake of a happiness and glory that we alone can conceive? Thus only will Europe be justified; thus only will she save her faith. Her destiny depends on our courage.

JEAN GUÉHENNO

SPIRITUAL DEMOCRACY

Here are two articles.

A front-rank Indian educationist, with practical experience in the progressive State of Mysore, refers to the failure of Nationalism and warns his countrymen against repeating the mistake of the Western political states. His remedy? India should assimilate the forces of Internationalism.

The second article takes us a step forward. It evokes a vision—the creation of a new International, that of Aristocrats, the spiritually rich. Castes and classes are a natural phenomenon, they cannot be abolished; recognize them as a psycho-spiritual institution; with its aid create a new State, that of Spiritual Democracy.

I

NATIONALISM—THE GREAT EVIL

[**N. S. Subba Rao, M. A. (Cantab.)**, has been Director of Public Instruction in Mysore State since 1928. He was President of the Indian Economic Conference in 1929 and of the All-India Educational Conference in 1931. He attended the Round Table Conference of 1930 in an advisory capacity, and served as Secretary of the Committee appointed by the Indian Princes' Delegation to examine the question of an All-India Federation in relation to the Indian States. —EDS.]

I

Great technological discoveries promise men the blessings of plenty without the pressure of drudgery. A new and prosperous era in the economic history of the world seems to be opening, but the economic machine has collapsed. Everybody apprehends war; furtively and shamefacedly every one is preparing for it. Yet conferences follow in rapid succession to deal with the pressing problems of the hour, but "they dare not devise good for man's estate."

Why is this? Has half a century of education of democracy been fruitless? Has leadership lost its hold on the masses? Must we in impotent despair look forward to the collapse of civilization?

II

This is the theme of the lectures delivered last year under the Halley Stewart Foundation by Sir Norman Angell, author of the now famous work, *The Great Illusion.* Sir Norman has made it his mission in life to promote the cause of peace and international goodwill by instructing mankind. He has done this not so much by exposition of abstruse political doctrine or complicated economic theory, intelligible only to the learned, as by a patient and persistent exposition of the obvious and elementary truths which the least instructed

could understand if only they *would.*

> Much of the economic disease from which we suffer is due to a failure to grasp the very few but very important truths upon which all the economic doctors are agreed. . . . . There is nothing inherently difficult in understanding the reason for the course advised by all the economists; the most urgent thing is to discover what stands in the way of that popular understanding.*

This is the pivotal problem of democracy: how comes it that when the way of escape from our economic and political ills is clearly and authoritatively indicated, " those who are to tread it do not believe it to be the way of escape, and refuse to follow it "?

Thus stated, it is seen to be " a problem of education, of politics ". Although Sir Norman does not say so, it is also an indictment against human nature, against our leaders of the present day, and above all against the systems of organized education. The ordinary voter's " sober and more deliberate purpose is frustrated by other purposes," which are dictated by " normally unexamined impulses," and it is not the fitness of a candidate to participate in the Government of his country that wins votes, but entirely extraneous and irrelevant considerations like war service, athletic prowess, and the accident of a lucky marriage with a popular actress. The leaders do not lead but follow: apprehensive of being disowned by the multitude, they are content to retain their hold on democracy by expressing "existing convictions in the most vivid way," and exploiting powerful popular passions.

The most serious failure is that of organised education. For, "the average educated man of all countries cannot follow the simplest, the most elementary, the most self-evident fact about the financial and economic apparatus which feeds and clothes us". The case is worse in respect to highly educated people. " To be highly educated did not mean to be politically wise," for "some of the most disturbing and disruptive of the movements which push Europe nearer to chaos . . find their main impulse in the educated classes, in the universities and professions". Everybody genuinely hates war, but everybody pursues policies which in the end must mean war, because they do not see the relation between the policy and its result, or the contradiction between conflicting purposes. It has been remarked caustically that

> this state of affairs is astonishing evidence of the adaptability of the human mind. Logically it is impossible to believe that a thing is round and also to believe that it is square, but psychologically there does not seem to be any particular difficulty about it. All that is needed is to keep the beliefs in separate compartments and to use them in turn as may be convenient.†

The mutually exclusive demands in the matter of Reparations and

* The quotations, in this article, when not indicated otherwise are from Sir Norman's book, *From Chaos to Control* (Allen and Unwin).

† *The Educational Frontier*, by Prof. Kilpatrick and others. 1933.

War Debts are an illustration in point.

III

It is only incidentally,—because that is not his main purpose,—but in no uncertain manner, that Sir Norman Angell tells us of the objectives that a sick world should place before itself: Reign of Law among Nations, and conscious collective control of world economic life or International Economic Planning. "A just, workable, stable international society" has to be evolved with "common rules of conduct and institutions for their enforcement". It may seem a mockery even to state the ideals, when the Manchurian episode and the ignominious failure of the well-staged World Economic Conference are fresh in our minds. But not long ago it was difficult to convince men of the futility of demanding colossal reparations, and the absurdity of demanding reparations in one breath, and discouraging imports from Germany in the next. We may well hope that similarly men may yet come to see how their interests demand cessation of international anarchy, and reduction, if not elimination, of economic barriers between countries.

For the moment we are all, however, under the spell of the sovereign national State. It may appear hard to agree without reservations with Bertrand Russell when he says that "Nationalism is undoubtedly the most dangerous vice of our time," and "unless the virulence of Nationalism can be abated, civilization cannot continue".* But Sir Norman shows with striking illustrations how Nations are personified, endowed with definite characteristics and qualities, in entire forgetfulness of the fact that nations are made up of separate and distinct individuals. The denigration of rival nations goes along with a corresponding exaltation of one's own nation, and relentless pursuit of its power and prestige in entire disregard of the rights and interests of others. It is here that the menace of the sovereign nation State emerges, and Sir Norman has characterised elsewhere the absolute claims of national sovereignty as the supreme unseen assassin of our peace and welfare.† The remedy is obvious.

> It frankly means the end of the sovereignty of the State in international affairs. It compels us to think of the civitas maxima first, and of the Nation State as a mere Province in that wider community.‡

IV

How is the needed change in opinion to be brought about? The schools must come to our aid.

The discussions ranging all the way from the observance of traffic regulations to world peace have a way of

* *Education and the Social Order.*

† "We are a nation; that is to say a corporate body, a personality, therefore, each national person is independent, a law unto itself, shall acknowledge no code regulating its relations with other similar persons. The 'therefore' of the above statement is the Supreme Unseen Assassin." (*The Unseen Assassins*, p. 92.).

‡ Laski: *Nationalism and the Future of Civilization.*

terminating in the conclusion that the problem in hand is, in the final analysis, a problem of education, and more specially a problem of the Schools.*

Sir Norman would have the schools teach the young their "own nature and its relation to society, a whole range of simple social phenomena the comprehension of which is indispensable to the management of the world in which they live". Emphasis should be laid on understanding rather than on erudition and knowledge. What is needed is "not fresh knowledge, but greater skill in seeing the relevance to our problems of already known fact". The ordinary man should be equipped when he leaves the school with "the skill or habit of applying to social problems simple truths, inherent or self-evident in common facts of daily life".

This is, however, what the economists would call a "long period" result. The disaster towards which the world is heading cannot be postponed while a new generation is being trained to the tasks of peace, order, and co-operation.

The fate of democracy is not going to wait a long time to get itself decided. It will be decided not by those who are going to have to vote fifty years hence, but by those who have the vote now.†

It is imperative, therefore, that the education of the electorate should also be taken in hand. Education fortunately is no longer a matter of the schools, and the education which is begun in the schools can now be continued, supplemented, and rectified, though it is frequently perverted, by the powerful agencies that have appeared on the scene in recent years,—the Press, the Radio, and the Cinema. The commercialisation of these instruments of further education is no doubt an obstacle in the way of their utilisation for educative propaganda of the type contemplated by Sir Norman, but the difficulty has to be faced.

This is but a part of our task, for intellectual preparedness is not everything. The schools are adjured to "make our millions aware that it is impossible to know the truth unless we are *prepared to hear both sides*: that there is *a moral obligation* upon all of us to be ready to do that."‡ In other words, moral preparedness is the accompaniment of intellectual receptivity, if not its condition precedent. To make this operative on the plane of international relationships is perhaps the most difficult task before the advocates of Internationalism. We all realise that greed lies at the root of the other baser passions of mankind,§ and are ashamed in our individual lives to own to it or its corollaries. These evil passions when transferred to the sphere of national rivalries become, however, transformed into virtues; and Jingoistic conquests, espionage, repudiation of treaties and engagements,

* Prof. Kilpatrick, *op. cit.*

† Jacks: *Education Through Recreation.*

‡ The italics are mine.

§ *Bhagavad-Gita*, II. 62–63.

wholesale massacre of non-combatants, do not strike the guilty nation as acts of moral depravity, and no sense of shame is roused by them. It should be the first task of leaders of thought to expose the sway of such perverted moral values in the international sphere. These explain why people do not hear both sides,—there are no two sides equally worthy of a hearing: there is only a right side and a wrong side.

V

International co-operation and economic reconstruction of the world are not seldom thought of in terms of Western States, and the place of Asiatic and other "backward" countries in the world order hardly obtains the consideration its importance calls for. The Asiatic countries which now participate in the limited activities of the International Labour Office are already apprehensive that their special problems and difficulties do not receive adequate attention, and there is a move to form an advisory conference of Asiatic countries. The economic future of Asia and Africa is generally visualised in terms of the consuming power of the masses in these continents, which may be raised by international economic action, so that the products of Western industry can be absorbed. The claim to "Independence" in the subject countries is resisted by Imperialists, and these find an unexpected ally in Sir Norman, who supplies them with "a moral case" and points out that the claim to "Independence" is an anti-social claim.*

It is hardly a matter for wonder that the Asiatic peoples,—those of them at any rate who hear and read of these things,—hardly display any enthusiasm for projects of international co-operation. Their inevitable reaction to Western Imperialism, which frequently masquerades as Internationalism, is increased devotion to Nationalism.

> Nationalism breeds Imperialism, and the latter, at long last, breeds Nationalism again in the peoples whom it subjects to its control.†

This is an unfortunate consequence, immediately and ultimately. Immediately, it adds to the difficulties of bringing about international harmony, because the subject peoples are aggressively nationalistic, and will remain so, unruffled by Bertrand Russell's refusal to admire them.‡ It constitutes a danger in the distant future, for *even after the Western powers have shed their nationalism and formed an international polity, a large section of humanity will lie outside the fold, and offer an asylum for the discarded favourites of the West.* It would be an unhappy and unexpected result that Nation-

* *The Unseen Assassins.* But the Imperialist would be chilled by Sir Norman's dictum that "No 'law and order,' no material benefits ..... will ever reconcile the normal human being to the acknowledgment of that kind of inferiority".

† Laski, *op. cit.*

‡ "Nationalism is vicious as a principle, and is not to be admired, even in nations fighting for their freedom."—Bertrand Russell, *op. cit.*

alism expelled from Europe should be welcomed in the East, and like Coriolanus seek to revenge itself by shaking the new order of things in the West to its foundations.

It is a stupendous and an almost impossible task that faces us. Those of us who believe in International good-will and harmony must join hands in active co-operation with one another in all parts of the world, some to seeking persistently like Sir Norman Angell to open the eyes of the West to the evils of nationalism in its midst, and others endeavouring to arrest the insidious growth of the same noxious political weed in the East by instructing the young not to be led away by its seeming attractions, and opening their eyes to the havoc it has caused and is causing in the West. Burke has said that in order to ameliorate the evils of an age we should agree with whatever was best in that age. Our hope of rising out of the evils of the present age lies in agreeing with the forces of Internationalism.

N. S. SUBBA RAO

II

ARISTOCRACY AND DEMOCRACY

[The Editor of *The Bookman,* **Hugh Ross Williamson**, is author of an impressionist play, "In a Glass Darkly," a critical study of *The Poetry of T. S. Eliot,* and a historical biography of *John Hampden.* The reader will do well to bear in mind, in connection with this article, the root meaning of the term, "aristocracy"—"the rule of the best". How to insure that, is the outstanding political problem of our day.—EDS.]

Democracy, they say, is dying. The event, moreover, provokes very little mourning. After the funeral, "nil nisi bonum" may be observed, but at the present stage of the process a catalogue of crimes is more in fashion. For what, we are asked, has democracy finally resulted in? An age of bread and circuses, an era of mob-rule, where individuality is suppressed, where original thought is proscribed, where everyone reads the same newspapers, listens to the same "canned" music, wears the same clothes, becomes hilarious in the same amusement parks, stares at the same films, lives in the same kind of house. Democracy, which was the goal of political progress, has turned out to be nothing but an ordeal by slogans. Democracy, which was to have been the final and finest form of government, has, by endorsing the patent fallacy that one head is as good as another, destroyed the possibility of effective government. So, with a sigh of relief we see the old democracy out and welcome the new dictatorship in.

Yet, before the final acquiescence in the demands for "efficiency," it might be as well to notice that

dictatorship is merely an intensification of all the evils of democracy. It means the sacrifice of even a variety of slogans to the triumph of one. Under democracy individuality may be a nuisance, but under dictatorship it becomes a crime. The newspaper-opinions which democrats bandy about in public-houses are certainly a poor substitute for personal opinions, but they are better than the one-and-only opinion which is all that dictatorship allows. The films of the proletariat may be rubbish, but they are not propaganda, and an interest in bread and circuses is perhaps less reprehensible than an enthusiasm for bombs and manoeuvres.

It seems, indeed, that dictatorship is the logical outcome of democracy, not because—as is so often stated—it is the "swing of the pendulum" reaction from it, but because it is an inevitable development of it. Democracy and dictatorship are, in point of fact, only two forms of the same evil thing. And that thing is plutocracy. If democracy is to save itself, it can do so only by becoming the great movement which the idealists meant it to be. It must become, in short, aristocratic.

"You will confer the greatest benefit on your city," said Epictetus, "not by raising the roofs but by exalting the souls of your fellow-citizens. For it is better that great souls should live in small habitations than that abject slaves should burrow in great houses." That is the creed of aristocracy and individualism. It should also be the creed of democracy and socialism. But to plutocracy, under whatever disguise it masquerades, it is the antithesis. And because democracy has forgotten it, because, when at the cross-roads, it followed the way of plutocracy and dictatorship instead of that of aristocracy and individualism, we are lost in the maze of contemporary chaos.

It is not difficult, of course, to see why the democrat was an easy prey to the plutocrat. In the first place, he did not realise his danger. He persisted in regarding the aristocrat as his enemy long after he ought to have made him his ally. The men of England who, in 1832, battled against the squires for reform may have imagined that they were helping to destroy tyranny, but the event proved that they only succeeded in establishing the monstrous regiment of Victorian capitalists, compared with which the Whig Oligarchy seemed liberal and humanitarian. And the same mistake was made elsewhere and at other times.

In the second place, the worship of wealth is, in a sense, a corollary to universal franchise. The doctrine of the equality of all men before the ballot-box results in a philosophy different from that implicit in the dogma of the equality of all men before God. With the emphasis on a material right comes the endorsement of material standards and the man who attaches an almost mystical significance to his ability to mark a voting-paper not infrequently measures his happiness by his

ability to "keep up with the Joneses". The real indictment of our modern pluto-democracy is that it uses as its measure of things the criterion which can be understood by everybody — material wealth. Its idols — footballers, boxers, film stars, best-selling authors, kings of commerce—are finally reducible to this common factor. The footballer, for whom thousands of pounds is paid, is usually inferior as a sportsman to any boy in a village team. A best-selling author is a synonym for a bad artist. A king of commerce is great only in the sense that he is more magnificently dishonest than his rivals. Yet they, wealthy and successful, are the heroes of the mob, because, by the only standards it can understand—ability to earn a lot of money—they are worthy of the honour.

In the third place, the democrat really had a good case for his insistence on material prosperity, and it is here that the crux of the matter lies. It is useless to advise a man to lead the Good Life (in the aristocratic sense) when he is struggling to keep alive on starvation level—though, even then, it may be possible for him to lead a good life, (in the ethical sense). It is useless to urge the finer points of aesthetic appreciation on a man who has to spend his days searching for employment. A certain level of material security and comfort is necessary before a civilised life is possible at all, and it is hardly surprising if many honest and sensitive men have made the mistake of saying: "The other things must wait until we have achieved that level." That attitude, though natural, is a dangerous one because the abrogation of the true standards, even for a moment and with the best intentions, must result in the selling of the pass.

The full meaning of the betrayal, we are witnessing now. The issues have become inextricably confused. We ask for leadership and we are offered a dictator, and in our rightful haste to repudiate the one, we may have the misfortune to lose the other. We shrink from the materialism of Communism and, in so doing, find ourselves opposing those who, neglecting the materialism, see only in Communism a burning passion for social justice—the very men with whom we should most desire to co-operate. We attack the mob-mind and mob-values created by our "democracy" and yet are haunted by the fear that, in doing so, we may damage the cause of true freedom.

Perhaps the confusion can be best epitomised by quoting the verse of an old hymn which it has become the fashion to cite in angry ridicule:—

> The rich man in his castle,
> The poor man at his gate,
> God made them, high and lowly,
> And ordered their estate.

Only in an age obsessed with materialism could this be read as a Divine authorisation of poverty. To say, as one writer has said, that it was probably drink, not God, that had brought the poor man there, is an epigram worthy of the age. The verse is common-

place enough, but the truth it expresses has so far ceased to be a commonplace that it is almost a paradox. For plutocracy knows but one criterion, and the existence of a Divine law, ordering alike the lives of rich and poor, is an intrusion if not actually an impertinence.

Another example is the caste system, against which so many and so bitter vituperations are hurled. As I write, there is, I believe, in the press a little book on this very point, proving that democracy is incompatible with caste distinctions. Undoubtedly this is true of pluto-democracy, which insists that all barriers shall give way to mere wealth. But the great idea at the root of caste—that individuals have *different* responsibilities and rights —hardly conflicts with the ideal of democracy that every citizen shall be free to develop his distinctive powers for the best and most effective service of the state.

If, then, democracy is to recover and save us from experiencing plutocracy at its worst in the form of dictatorship, it must retrace its steps until it finds once more the aristocratic ideal. It must insist on individualism, but in its highest not in its lowest form—not the individualism of *laisser-faire* which applauded the triumph of one at the expense of the many, which demanded above all things to be served; but the individualism which realises that the well-being of one depends on the well-being of all, that a man cannot be saved apart from the community, and which asks for a position in the state in which it may be used to the limit of its capacity. Democracy must abandon its belief in the material things which unite men and foster the differences which divide them—for to confound unity with uniformity is to put a premium on decay. Democracy must cultivate the faculty of *dis*belief, for a habit of scepticism is the surest antidote to the poison of a slogan. At the beginning of the century a peer said, jestingly, "We are all Socialists now." Now we must answer, seriously, "We are all aristocrats now."

The way may be difficult, beset with the dangers of misunderstanding. But it is the only way by which civilisation can be saved.

HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON

MODERN EUROPEAN DRAMA AND RELIGION

[**Paul Banks,** who contributes this stimulating article on the religious element in the modern European drama, is the author of *Metropolis, or the Destiny of Cities,* and *Patient Albion.* His work as a dramatic critic has received high praise.—EDS.]

Nothing could be more abundantly clear to ordinary commonsense than that human conduct and aspirations cannot be fully understood or explained by a single biological motive—either the instinct of self-preservation or even the will-to-power. There are quite, quite clearly at least three prime-movers, to borrow a term from engineering, at work in every human being: a desire for power, a longing for instinctive contentment—which may fairly be called the wish for happiness—and, in addition, another, even more essential to the true nature of man than either of those mentioned. Indeed, on behalf of the fulfilment of this further aim—expressed in the fewest possible words, the maximum of self-knowledge and awareness—both the will-to-power and the wish for happiness have had to be rigorously held in check. The care of this treasure, for such this *consciousness* is, although grossly neglected by what must be called the "reducing" schools of biology and philosophy, is an important part—though not the whole, of course—of the service rendered to mankind by religion. It is the part that concerns us in this discussion of religion and modern drama.

In an essay on realism in the theatre, Mr. Ashley Dukes, whose work and views in this field are entitled to sincere respect, stated that realism could not exist in a thing so patently unreal as the theatre. At the play, he said, people want to enjoy the illusion of seeing themselves not as they are, but as their betters. For a brief hour, he claimed, we demand the illusion that we strut the world as heroes and heroines, or at least as ladies and gentlemen. There is, of course, a type of play very much in public demand which corresponds exactly to this claim. In it the humble girl is in the end loved for herself alone, and possibly exalted to high social rank at the same time. Sometimes the girl becomes an operatic star in one night. Alternatively, some neglected and ill-treated lad, very much akin to the people in the audience, finds his hidden merit recognised, or his lost birth-certificate discovered, and rises to fame. All such plays, and there are many varieties, have exactly the same effect on the audience as the fairy-tale on the child. Indeed, they are the same tales, with added complexity and decoration: "Beauty and the Beast" and "King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid," which give the child the illusion of happiness, and, say, "Cinderella," "The Ugly Duckling" and "Jack the Giant Killer,"

which similarly give the child the illusion of power. It is a curious fact that it is exactly these plays which are generally represented on the stage "most realistically," that is to say, with the greatest verisimilitude to the actual world.

It begins to be evident already that the reduction to one thing of people's motive for theatre-going as surely leads to error as the reduction to one thing of mankind's motive for living. The theatre is not only a place where tired business men may enjoy an hour's illusion of harem happiness. It is not only a place where frustrated human beings return to the contentment of childhood under the magic of Mr. Milne or the greater magic of Sir James Barrie. It is not only a place in which the down-trodden may dream of power, of being heroes, millionaires, or even clever criminals. Everything, as a matter of fact, which is regarded as major art in the theatre awakens the beholder to the religious exercise of his consciousness, and develops it in range, intensity and responsibility, in relation to the family, society, and the universe.

By the European Renaissance the explicitly religious Greek tragic theatre, with its office of "justifying the ways of God to man," had passed. The equally religious miracle and morality plays of the Middle Ages, which held the field just as long as the European consciousness remained static, had also passed. It is true that the drama illustrating the way of salvation to all men came to a kind of maggot-life again in the nineteenth-century melodrama, a sort of morality play according to the gospel of Samuel Smiles and other preachers of the virtues of honesty, temperance, thrift and ambition—the virtues, that is, of most obvious value to the imperialist shopkeeper. With Marlowe and Shakespeare, nevertheless, the current of true drama, along with the entire current of human life, became more and more secularised. Drama divided itself from religion, and made its way as a distinct art, more and more humanist. Man, the puppet of fate, even man, the Child of God, earning salvation by obedience alone, had ceased to be a satisfying conception. Man, while remaining the child of God, found that he had to shoulder adult responsibilities, and to exercise and develop his consciousness in a very rapidly expanding—in every sense—world and universe. Shakespeare's Hamlet receives neither help nor hindrance from religion. He is called upon to exercise his own will, to make his own decisions, and to act as a free, responsible and conscious entity, in spite of all the forces working both to hinder the making of decisions and even to break down his mind.

Everything after Shakespeare's "Hamlet" that considered the mere avoidance of the Seven Deadly Sins and the keeping of the Ten Commandments as enough for salvation was really a looking backward to the Golden Age, to an unchanging environment for which static instinct was adequate. From

that time drama has, notwithstanding its secularisation, continued to be essentially religious. In it is reflected the in-breathing and out-breathing of the mind of man in its struggle for greater conscious self-command; not under the authority of Church or Bible, of course, but certainly under the authority of the individual soul's desire for that conviction of integrity which is much the same thing as obedience to the God within. Increasingly, in the age of so-called growing democracy, the problems of human responsibility were found to be insoluble by the institutional Churches, which not only feared to assert much of their own lore and wisdom, but largely gave themselves over to the mere imperialist will-to-power of the age, and as a consequence neglected the will-to-human-consciousness. Grappling with those problems became the serious task of the drama.

No matter how purely aesthetic and non-religious Shakespeare may have felt while writing "Othello," the character of its great tragic central figure has entered into everyday life and speech; as the very symbol, indeed, for the pride of possession that fears dispossession to the degree of blinding itself and of destroying both love and life. It is impossible not to meditate on the character of Macbeth, driven by ambition untempered by the love of his fellows to folly upon folly, until he finds himself a cipher, unrespected by any man. And it is equally impossible not to be exalted by the absolute integrity of spirit, achieved through faith, love and sacrifice by Romeo and Juliet against the whole world.

While these characters of drama work out their fates and destinies on a human plane, still they are, it is therefore evident, largely bound up with the Seven Deadly Sins. But for Pride, no Othello; but for Covetousness, no Macbeth; but for Self-love, no Hamlet. The *social* consciousness manifest in these plays, moreover, is still feudal. Kings, Queens, nobles and ministers are endowed with the author's own wisdom, and for their rank tragic dignity is reserved. Common folk serve only for knaves, fools and clowns. Between Shakespeare and the nineteenth century, the original exercise of human consciousness and its extension to embrace other human beings is reflected chiefly in comedy, from Molière to Sheridan. It had been recognised, of course, ever since Livius Andronicus, that the function of comedy was to hold the mirror up to everyday life, and Molière himself defined it in the same terms. But only from Molière was the job taken seriously, and from his time comedy and tragedy have gradually grown nearer and nearer the same thing. Even in the work of the good-humoured Sheridan, everything savouring of hypocrisy is as surely ridiculed as in the work of his successor, in our day, George Bernard Shaw. It began to matter less what people did and thought than whether they *knew* what they did and thought; which is why the critics of the time could enjoy, say, the works of

Wycherley and Congreve, in spite of the totally immoral frankness and realism of these authors about much that had been previously hidden under the cloak of sentimental prudery.

The new current received a further powerful impulse from the anti-romantic movement in France started by Zola, and carried on in Norway by Ibsen, in Sweden by Strindberg, and by followers everywhere. This movement was, of course, linked with the developments following the French revolution and the belief that while all men should count, none should count too much. The feudal noble had had to take second place, in human interest if not in property, and the call to conscious human responsibility had now to be made to merchants, professors and burgomasters—the new middle class who far too early had settled down to value only respectability, success in life and civic honours. The men and women of this class were the material of the new drama, just as kings and nobles had been in their immortal aristocratic state, or lovers in their immortal adolescence. Ibsen, too often supposed to have been merely a propagandist for middle-class emancipation and, in particular, for feminine emancipation, was the observer and dramatist of the light, which only he saw, on the newly significant social class. He dramatised their corruption, inefficiency and hypocrisy. He exposed the vanity and the failure to accept conscious responsibility of all intellectuals, idealists, careerists and middlemen whatsoever. He was the flagellant prophet of a corrupt Vaisya-Sudra civilization. Before his time these people had existed only as the menials of aristocracies. All that Shakespeare had required were apothecaries, servants, or messengers, lacking character, human distinction or even names. In the drama of Ibsen the middle classes had become significant for combined comedy and tragedy.

In Strindberg's work also the conflicts, doubts and aspirations of a newly awakened man, more unsure in the swirl of the family and of society than the ancient Greeks in the swirl of the universe, are the centre of dramatic significance. Indeed, Strindberg dramatised the human spirit's doubt—which has since threatened the absolute wreck of European civilisation—of the sufficiency of science and reason. Both Strindberg and Ibsen, in fact, struggled to revive human consciousness and spiritual responsibility in an age when these had become almost submerged by trade ; when the attainment of even happiness was believed to be dependent on the gaining of power ; and when the will-to-power philosophy actually came to birth.

Although the alarm to rouse all European mankind was sounded before 1848, the awakening has been slow. The artist hardly dared to look at the folk face to face. Such men as William Morris and Ruskin, having glanced at the common people, at once looked away, to rest their eyes on the pleasanter visions of Greece, Italy,

Gothic architecture and the Norse sagas. These writers, disliking the look of stunted bodies and souls, nevertheless pleaded, of course, for social reform on the folk's behalf, but their pleadings became only period literature. It was the caricaturists, born and bred among the people, who saw them first without disgust; for example, Charles Dickens and Phil May. The painter came next, but he hated and feared the people, and they became in his eyes merely "Caliban seeing himself in the glass". At last, however, the drama—which can be created only out of love—began to turn its lamp on the common folk, as in the class-conscious "mass" drama of Toller and others, and in a drama more related to the individual consciousness composed by the American Irishman O'Neill and the Dublin Irishman O'Casey. O'Neill's genius lay in the light his artist's eyes threw into the soul of all oppressed human beings, black or white; O'Casey's in his making the audience laugh uproariously at the comic irresponsibility and prodigality of his characters—while at the same time, of course, doing something else. Those irresponsible and prodigal characters were burned, during the laughter, deep into the audience's mind, to become tragic figures which shamed the very laughter they had caused, and provoked fresh meditation.

There is no longer any question, therefore, whether what we demand from the theatre is either "realism" or "unreality". It is neither something indistinguishable from actual life, though minor play writers suppose it is, nor a pleasant day-dream softening the harsh corners of the world for the time being; nor is it even the nursery experience of seeing ourselves as Ugly Ducklings, about to fly away as beautiful wild swans. Such dreams have their place in the theatre of entertainment and consolation. But there is, besides, a theatre from which the audience, small or great, demands what may fairly be called *reality*; a theatre in which day-dreams of happiness and power have absolutely no place, and in which, on the very contrary, the essentially religious function is fulfilled of awakening the human mind to the truth about itself, of stimulating love, understanding and forgiveness for one's fellows; and, besides, of creating the will to secure the gift of full consciousness in every individual member of mankind. That is the theatre in which the true and the beautiful are not only expressed, but expressed in action, and, therefore, effect the good.

PAUL BANKS

TIPPOO SULTAN'S DREAMS

A GLANCE AT MOHAMMEDAN ONEIROCRITICISM

[This is the third article on Dreams contributed to THE ARYAN PATH by **Rodolphe Louis Mégroz**, whose critical and biographical studies no less than his verse, have established his place in the English world of letters. "Dreams in the Western World" appeared in March, 1931, and "Dreams of Future Events" in May, 1932. The part played by dreams in Tartini's composition of the "Devil's Sonata" and in Coleridge's writing of the poem, "Kubla Khan," are better known but no less thought-provoking than this account of the dreams of Tippoo Sultan.—EDS.]

One of the "Traditions" of the Mohammedan Mishkat declares: "the power of prophecy has passed away, yet revelation by dreams remains," and the student very quickly discovers that no literature is more eloquent of prolonged and intense interest in dreams than the Islamic. It is questionable if even the Chinese have set greater store by the study of dreams than the Mohammedan peoples from Syria to India. At least it can be said that such outstanding works as the Chinese *Mêng Shu*, or Book of Dreams, written during the T'ang dynasty, described as "a concise interpretation of various omens presented to the sleeper," and the *Mêng Chan I Chih*, in Seven Books written by Ch'en Shih-Yuan in 1562, have several counterparts in the Mohammedan literature.

There is, first, the great Arabic work of Khalil Ibn Shahin al Dahiri, entitled *The Book of Explanation of Dream Interpretation* which cites 31 other works on Tâbír, *i. e.*, the science or art of dream interpretation.

There is the Persian *Kamil ul Tâbīr*, or Complete Dream Book, and similar works by Jafar Sádu, Ibn Sírín, and other sages whose studies of dreams are for our present purpose chiefly interesting as the background to an exceptionally curious document which every visitor to the India Office Library in London must have seen.

This is the Register of his dreams compiled by the dreaded Tippoo Sultan of Mysore, who reigned from 1782 to 1799. The manuscript is in Persian, described by the orientalist N. Bland as "a wretched Shikestah". Most of the volume is blank. In the first 30 pages Tippoo wrote down an account of 39 dreams, some of the notes being very brief, others occupying a full page. This intrepid and ruthless warrior who took the symbol of the Tiger for himself, crafty politician who was more unscrupulous than his famous correspondent, Bonaparte, shows here a concern with his dreams that has at various times been displayed by other great leaders and men of action, including Napoleon.

But the tone of these notes reveals that devotion to his faith which caused Tippoo subsequently to be ranked by Mohammedans as a martyr. Besides the pious ex-

pressions which occur in the accounts of the dreams, sometimes the Sultan prefixes to them the invocation, "Yá Kerím Kársár-Yá-Rahím-Yá Sádic" (O Thou gracious Creator! O Merciful One! O Just One!). It has to be confessed that, so far as the easily available biographical material goes (and that is no doubt not partial but none the less significant), the Sultan's frequent invocations of the Divine attributes of mercy and justice were not followed by his imitation of them in everyday life! It will soon be seen from the examples which follow that the dreams recorded by Tippoo are in keeping with his known character while adding a few traits not generally realised, at least in the Western world.

The Register of Tippoo's Dreams has never been translated completely from the Persian into English, but six of the longer and more interesting ones and also an account written down by Tippoo of an Apparition described to him, were translated and put into an Appendix by Alexander Beatson in his book, "*A View of the Origin and Conduct of the War with Tippoo Sultaun, and of the Siege of Seringapatam*" (London, 1800). Beatson was aide-de-camp to the Marquis Wellesley, Governor-General of India at the time of the war. Beatson says that the MS. book was found in a secret drawer of an escritoire in the Palace of Seringapatam by a Colonel William Kirkpatrick, who appears to have passed it over to Lord Wellesley.

First appears the account of the Apparition communicated to the Sultan: it is interesting to us not only because of Tippoo's obvious interest in it but for its own representative character.

Meer Nasin Ally, and Abdul Kudoos Meer Meeran, on the 21st of the month of Zakery, of the year Shedab, 1226 from the birth of Mohammed, corresponding with the 28th December, 1798, represented, that a person of the Mohammedan religion, who had formerly been Adjutant of a battalion in the service of the Christians, came with his family to this place, namely, Kourial (or Mangalore) and stated in the following manner the reason of his having quitted that service.

That being one day at Calicut, at the house of the venerable Synd, and several persons of the Mohammedan religion being assembled there, he related to us, that two Hindoos and two Mohammedans, leaving their houses with an intention of proceeding to Chinaputtun (Madras) had arrived at the place where Baillie, the European, was defeated; when on a sudden a voice exclaimed: "Stand! ye unknown!" They asked repeatedly who it was, but the Mohammedans of the party not being able to distinguish, the voice again exclaimed: "In the name of God, stand!"

They thereupon stopped on the spot; and a person, covered with a veil, came, and standing before them asked whither they were going. They replied that they were proceeding to Madras. The apparition then said, "My sons, of such and such names, are at such and such a place: urge them to avoid as much as may be in their power, the service of the Christians. They have a sum of money in their house; let them engage in commerce or in agriculture, or in the service of a Mohammedan prince; or, otherwise, like me they will be involved in every kind of calamity."

They asked what calamity had befallen him. The apparition then removed the veil from his face, when it

appeared he bore the countenance of a hog. He carried them forward some paces, and then assumed another figure. He gave the word of command in European, and deploying a regiment of hogs in line, he put them through their manual exercises. After this he again covered his face with the veil, and coming before them he related his whole story as follows:

That he was a commander under Baillie, the European, and during the battle he fired upon the Mohammedans, and loading a second time he was giving the word of command in the language of the Christians, to fire, when at that very moment he was struck on the head by a sword. And instead of repeating the Kulmeh Shehadut (or ejaculations, professing the belief in the unity of God and the mission of the Prophet) the same word of command still remained upon his tongue.

"On this account," said he, "I bear the countenance of a hog, and these other hogs are the persons who fired upon the Mohameddans."

Having said this, he vanished. The travellers went on, and upon their arrival at Madras by means of the names and description which had been given to them they found out the sons and related the whole of the above story, upon which the sons abandoned the service of the Christians.

The Baillie (or Bailey) referred to was the Colonel in command of British forces that Tippoo routed in 1780 and 1782 while his father Hyder Ali was still alive. Tippoo had acquired some knowledge of military tactics from the French officers in his father's service.

In Mohammedan oneirocriticism swine symbolise bad or degraded people, and the same idea occurs in Greek mythology. It is interesting to compare with the above vision and also with the Greek story of Circe the Mohammedan story of Nushirwan's dream. Nushirwan was a prince of the Sasanian dynasty. In his dream he was drinking out of golden goblet when a black hog approached and thrusting its head into the goblet it drank also. The Prince consulted his minister Burzurjmihr, who expounded the dream. Nushirwan's favourite princess, he said, had a black slave who was her lover. He suggested that the women of the harem should be ordered to dance undressed in the presence of the king. One of them showed hesitation in complying and being protected by the others, was hauled forth and discovered to be a Hindu male slave. So was the wazir's interpretation verified. The imagery of the dream is so obvious as not to require any further explanation.

To return to Tippoo, here is one of his dreams translated by Beatson:—

On the 12th of the month Behauree of the year Herausut, 1124 from the birth of Mohammed (about 19th May 1796), on the night of Thursday, the following day of which was Friday, and towards the morning, this servant of God had a dream.

Methought it was represented to the presence that a Frenchman of rank was arrived. I sent for him, and he came; and when he came into the presence I was absorbed in business; and when he came near I perceived him, and I rose up and embraced him. I caused him to be seated and enquired after his health. And methought the Christian said, "I am come with ten thousand men for the service of the Khooda-daud Sircar (God-given Sircar). I have disembarked them all on the shore of the sea. They are all men of bold aspect, of robust form, and young. Having disembarked them all on the

shore of the sea, I am come to present myself."

And methought I said unto him: "It is well done; by the favour of God all the preparations of war are here in readiness, and all the followers of Islam are, tribe by tribe, ready to prosecute the holy war."

At this moment the morning dawned, and I woke.

The old English proverb that the wish is father to the thought is very applicable to such dreams as this. If Tippoo's dream had been realised in time, the history of India might have been completely different since the end of the eighteenth century. We have only to remember how Tippoo was about to begin his intrigues with France, and that those intrigues played a large part in the attempt of the French under Napoleon to conquer Egypt. His ultimate defeat and the fall of Seringapatam might certainly have been prevented or at least indefinitely postponed if he had not been disappointed in his expectations of French military support.

The next dream is dated by Beatson about 1786. It should be noted here that the dates are reckoned by Tippoo from the birth of the Prophet, a system invented by himself, instead of the orthodox Mohammedan calculation from the hejira (16 July, 622). This dream is placed by Tippoo "prior to the night attack upon the Marhattas" at Shanoor.

Methought a young man of a beautiful countenance, a stranger, came and sat down, and methought I jested with him in the manner that a person playfully talks with a woman; at the same time I am saying in my heart, "It is not my custom to enter into playful discourse with any one." In the instant the youth rose, and, walking a few paces, returned, when he loosened his hair from beneath his turban and opening a fastening of his robe he displayed his bosom, and I saw it was a woman. I immediately called and seated her, and said unto her: "Whereas I before looked upon you as a woman, and jested with you, it now appears that you are indeed a woman, in the dress of a man. My conjecture has well succeeded."

In the midst of this discourse the morning dawned, and I awoke. I imparted my dream to the people about me and interpreted it thus: that please God these Marhattas have put on a clothing of men, but in fact are in character all women. By the favour of God and the aid of his prophet, on the 8th of the month and year above mentioned, on the morning of Saturday, I attacked the army of the infidels by surprise. I myself advancing with two or three hundred men, penetrated the camp of the infidels, crushing them as I went, as far as the tent of Hurry Punt Parkiah, and they all fled like women.

The date of the attack given above is two days later than that which is attached to the dream. The dream was on the Thursday night. His hatred of the British and desire to crush the Nizam and the Marhattas, and his fierce ambitions dominate most of the dreams recorded in the MS. volume. There are nine other dreams of Tippoo translated into English by N. Bland in a scholarly article on the Mohammedan Tâbír in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society* (1856), all of which confirm the preceding observations. Even the last two dreams that Bland gives us are dominated by Tippoo's grandiose

ambition, although they have a special interest because they relate encounters with apparitions of the poets Sádi and Jámi, of whom the Sultan speaks with reverence, showing his respect for literature.

In fact one might say that Tippoo's dreaming would have been more fruitful to him if he had understood the wisdom in Tâbír. In reading an article by W. Q. Judge in *The Path* (Aug. 1888) on "The Three Planes of Human Life" * I was especially struck by the application of certain theosophical principles not only to Tippoo's vain dreaming but to the dreaming of most of us. In the article, which describes the states of Jagrata, Swapna and Sushupti (waking, dreaming and dreamless sleep) the writer stresses the importance of purifying the waking state so that the experiences derived from Sushupti and passing through Swapna should not be all lost. He says:—

> Jagrata acts on Swapna producing dreams and suggestions, and either disturbs the instructions that come down from the higher state or aids the person through waking calmness and concentration which tend to lessen the distortions of the mental experiences of dream life. Swapna again in its turn acts on the waking state (Jagrata) by the good or bad suggestions made to him in dreams. All experience and all religions are full of proofs of this. In the fabled Garden of Eden the wily serpent whispered in the ear of the sleeping mortal to the end that when awake he should violate the command. In Job it is said that God instructeth man in sleep, in dreams and in visions of the night. And the common introspective and dream-life of the most ordinary people needs no proof. Many cases are within my knowledge where the man was led to commit acts against which his better nature rebelled, the suggestion for the act coming to him in dream. It was because the unholy state of his waking thoughts infected his dreams, and laid him open to evil influences. By natural action and reaction he poisoned both Jagrata and Swapna.

Although the theosophical terms are exchanged for others, the same predominating principle of self-purification as the basis of right-dreaming and true interpretation runs through all the books of dream wisdom, the most deservedly famous of which in the ancient world is that of the Greek Artemidorus, whose system of interpretation no doubt greatly influenced Arabic teachers. There is no radical difference between the dreams of a Tippoo Sultan or a Bonaparte and the dreams of the majority of spiritually undisciplined people, except only that blindness to the light and deafness to the voice of wisdom has more widespread and damaging consequences in the world when the vain dreamer possesses great power. It may be that one road to the millennium is by right-dreaming, and that indeed there can be no earthly paradise of goodness and beauty that is not a final conscious realisation of the divinity that we attain in the pure dreamless sleep of Sushupti.

R. L. MÉGROZ

* Reprinted in *U. L. T. Pamphlet—No. 11*, on the subject of Dreams.

THE VISION OF EROS IN JESUS AND SHAKESPEARE

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In Hindu philosophy Kamadeva—the God of Love—has two aspects—personal and impersonal. These correspond with the Greek Cupid and Eros—the former blind, the latter endowed with vision.—EDS.]

I do not consider Shakespeare as a "teacher" in any usual sense. He is the most inclusive of poets. What is true of him is, usually, true of Western poetry as a whole. His work is therefore a pointer indicating fundamental tendencies of the Western mind; the great poet being not merely an entertainer but rather one who gives concrete and symbolic embodiment to those dark or bright impulses which mould the later history of the race. Great poetry is thus intrinsically prophetic. For these reasons I consider Shakespeare important.

In his early work we have two kinds of play: histories and the romantic comedies. The first analyse closely the intricacies of national life, the calls of King or party, the stress and turbulence of civil war, the glitter of martial honour and the glamour of royalty; the epic nobility of England's troubled and blood-stained story. These plays are concerned primarily with the body politic, and the concept of "order" is fundamental throughout. Within their plots, however, we have frequent reminder of the individual's spiritual longing, and this is, in Shakespeare, usually a matter of human love. This is the dominant theme of the other group, the romantic comedies. In them the fleeting dreams of romantic happiness that torture and deceive the tragic destinies of mankind are endued with a more than kingly authority and assurance. The history plays are realistic, the comedies romantic. The one group shows life as it is; the other, as we might well wish it to be.

The second half of Shakespeare's work marks a change in style. Henceforward he blends the two modes, relating the individual's pain and frustration, his romantic desire, his conflicting allegiances, to the body of which he forms part. Though the stress is on the individual, the relative importance of state-order is never neglected. So we have "Hamlet," the problem plays "Troilus and Cressida" and "Measure for Measure," "Othello," "Macbeth," "Lear" "Timon" and "Coriolanus". In various ways the protagonists are shown as at odds with their environment; all, in various ways, fail to project their passionate instincts into harmonious action; but with all we feel the conflict is itself of some mysterious creative significance. Herein, by close understanding, we may penetrate the mystery of suffering and evil, their necessity

and creative strength. Succeeding these plays we have "Antony and Cleopatra". This is scarcely a tragedy in the usual sense. The protagonists, it is true, are again at odds with their environment; but they accomplish, poetically, an apocalyptic love-union with each other in their dying. The play is toned brightly to harmonise with this revelation as we are lifted to a height where human desire and failure radiate outwards a conquering brilliance, a light which is immortality. This play is probably the closest approach the human mind has ever made to revealing the mystic riches of death.

Beyond this, no poet can well be expected to advance. But in his final plays Shakespeare creates a series of love-parables whose plots of loss in tempest and reunion to music correspond, as I have shown in *Myth and Miracle*, to the vision of immortality more directly exposed in "Antony and Cleopatra". In these last plays from "Pericles" to "The Tempest" the interest is almost entirely concentrated on personal love, loss, and reunion. "Cymbeline," it is true, has a complex plot involving national issues and warfare: but even there the most vital effects tend towards the transcendental and mystical. In Shakespeare's former work we saw two main themes: personal love and state order. The final plays reveal a spiritual rather than political salvation. Here we are concerned primarily with love, birth, death and resurrection.

What are we to make of this conclusion? Chiefly this, I think: that the ultimate realities for humanity are matters not of statecraft but rather the vast simplicities of life, love, and death. For through love alone can life become significant and death a positive, not a negative, experience. So in Shakespeare love at the last is divinely guarded. Tossed by jealousy, wrecked by unfaithfulness, it yet reaches the magic island in whose music all is restored and forgiven. National problems have ceased, it would seem, to weigh down and impede the poet's personal aspiration and visionary wisdom.

Yet this love is not a tranquil emotion: nor is it only spiritual. Rather it is a warm, passionate, unrestful, very human love. Let us call it Eros. Now Jesus also preaches love: love universal. This is to be distinguished from the Shakespearian Eros in that it is not limited to individual persons. Jesus repudiates those who are not prepared to leave their families for the sake of the Realm of God. To him mankind in general is the only true family. Yet this love is vastly beyond the comprehension of most of us: since it is not only a matter of dutiful sacrifice but, properly understood, is itself rich with romantic splendours and romantic pain. Not transcendental merely, but instinctive; not merely divine, but natural. We must pay exact regard to Jesus' imagery. Continually he embodies his teaching in concrete poetic figures: the vine, fig-tree, harvest; flocks of the field and birds of the air; food, drink, clothing, money; and the marriage-banquet. Here is a symbolism sug-

gesting life, growth, richness and all creative excellence. Therefore the love to which he calls us is the consummation and direction, in no sense the negation, of the richest instincts in man; as though the Realm of God were the natural and instinctive goal of the human race and Jesus came, not to demand a sacrificial and other-worldly pilgrimage, but to point the way to fulfilment of our deepest and most universal desires; to reveal, not only God, but Man, to mankind.

Therefore the New Testament can be shown to solve the Shakespearian antinomy of state-order and the individual's romantic pain. In terms of the Gospel of Love—and only in such terms—the two converge. It is significant that Shakespeare continually sees the community as a "body," an organism, of which the individual is as a limb: whereas St. Paul, too, sees the brotherhood of man as a "body," the Body of Christ. Perfect love thus fulfils the creative purposes of individual and state alike. And, like the Shakespearian Eros, Christian love is, in St. Paul's writings, the very gateway to immortality.

Throughout Shakespeare the direct influence of Christianity is powerful. Not only are there passages—the most beautiful in English religious literature—of direct Christian sentiment; but one play in particular, as I show in *The Wheel of Fire*, is almost a thesis on Christian ethics. Numerous single persons are, in their contexts, Christ-figures of a sort. That is, they express an inclusive love, a universal wisdom: such are King Henry VI, the Friar in "Romeo and Juliet," Theseus in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the Duke in "Measure for Measure," Cerimon in "Pericles," Prospero in "The Tempest". These saintly figures are not, however, quite so richly conceived as, say, Cleopatra or Hamlet. Shakespeare does not, perhaps cannot, create a universal love as glamorous and compelling as a purely human romance. It is as though he is intellectually aware of the saintly consciousness while not having experienced it with the strongest emotional fervour. He knows, however, that, at its best, the saintly ideal can reconcile the conflict of personal desire and state-order: observe how his Henry VI, the Duke in "Measure for Measure," and Prospero are all studious characters to whom government is painful; but how the two latter, after sacrificing political duty to personal aspiration, eventually undertake again, with deeper insight, the responsibilities of ducal authority. And perhaps this is why Shakespeare wrote one more play after "The Tempest". For long he had been engaged on spiritual and personal problems: perhaps his own problems. What religion there is in the tragedies and final plays is, more or less, the result of his own religious speculation. But in "The Tempest" he sees the convergence of human charity and state-order, as Prospero leaves his magic island and returns to the world of men. Therefore in "Henry VIII" Christian Orthodoxy floods in to possess, for the first time, a

Shakespearian play with assertive splendour and transcendental statement. Here angelic figures tread the stage, and England's futurity is shown as something of prophetic wonder. The grand sequence of plays ending in "The Tempest" has driven the greatest poet of the modern world through the agonies and paradisal ecstasy of Eros to a self-forgetting nationalism and the peace of Christ.

But Shakespeare's saints, such as Prospero, remain austere, a little colourless. Put them beside Cleopatra, and they show, like Octavia, "a statue rather than a life". We have yet unresolved our antinomy of Christ-love and Eros. It presses hard on us to-day. Either we give our allegiance to Eros; most artists do this, and, also, the philosophers and scientists, since under "art" all such studies may be subsumed; and each and all again are subject to Eros. Or we may give our allegiance to Jesus, sacrificing the urge of instinctive desire to an ethical purpose which we have never vitally experienced, rigidly subduing our aspirations to the limits of communal morality. Neither ideal is complete. Many—indeed most—suffer inward tension and torment, divided between these directions. Yet only in so far as we can see, feel, and make them to converge do we help onward the great purposes of incarnate life. But every such attempt itself involves a conflict. And yet this is, fundamentally, the only true Christianity. For Jesus is not, finally, to be equated with Shakespeare's saintly persons: rather in him we find a blending of saintly peace and universal assurance with the unrestful propulsive quality of Eros. He is, as it were, driven on by a mighty power that leaves him no rest, driving him from his family and home into the romantic drama of his tragic ministry. He is a God-tormented lover, suffering from Eros like Desdemona or Troilus. Thus to follow him is no peaceful task. It involves conflict, unreachable desire, agony: for without the throes of continual birth there can be no truly creative life. Herein, as I see it, is the strength of creative Christianity, the partiality of all wisdom-religions and the fallacy of passive mystcism. So the Eros and the Christ are one. And whenever we forget that Jesus calls us not only to a mystic tranquillity but also to an impassioned adventure; to a love which is bitter-sweet as Eros, as life-giving and yet as ruthless as He; to a surrender as final and irrevocable as the surrender of the most passionate love; until, indeed, we include the myriad complex passions of Shakespeare's tragic and romantic world in a richly passionate Christianity—until then, we talk of things we do not understand and offer up incense to an abstraction.

G. Wilson Knight

INDIAN MISREPRESENTATIONS OF INDIAN PHILOSOPHY

[That some Indian authors have been as unsuccessful as Western Orientalists in interpreting the thought of India to the Occident is the thesis of our learned contributor. **Dr. R. Naga Raja Sarma**, son of a distinguished South Indian Pandit, brings to this critique the fruit of training under Indian Pandits of various schools, in addition to his formal education, which culminated in the doctorate in philosophy conferred by Madras University. His doctoral dissertation is regarded as the first authoritative exposition of the works of Madhvacharya, the founder of the Dvaita system of Vedanta, little known in the Western world. Dr. Naga Raja Sarma is lecturer in philosophy at Government College, Kumbakonam, and a contributor to serious journals.—EDS.]

It is a fact to which chronologists, chroniclers, and critical historians have borne eloquent testimony, that the culture and civilisation of ancient India had once reached a point of perfection in respect of secular and spiritual disciplines which engendered envy in some and despair in others. That was long, long before the dawn of modern European and American civilisation. Under the intoxicating influence of successful scientific discoveries and their application to making life more and more attractive and comfortable, Western civilisation increasingly inclines to an unmitigated glorification of the deeds of man, and to what it describes as a rational elimination of man's allegiance to his Maker, with a concomitant callousness to moral and religious values. When, through a concatenation of circumstances, into an analysis of which it is needless to enter in the course of the present investigation, the destinies of India became firmly and definitely linked with those of Western nations through commercial and political allegiance, interest in India's culture gradually developed. The vast and almost inexhaustible mass of Sanskrit literature (I am dropping all reference to non-Sanskrit literature for purposes of this discussion) began to be studied and investigated. The Vedas, which are admitted to be the earliest documents available of some sustained rational activity of man, were translated and their contents made available for critical scrutiny by Western savants and connoisseurs. With the advance of time and with a gradual growth of interest in ancient Indian literature, the Epics, the Upanishads, the Bhagavad-Gita, the Brahma Sutras (Vedanta Sutras) and commentaries on the said Sutras (aphorisms or apothegms) by Sankara and Ramanuja, were placed before the Western public. Dramas and prose compositions, treatises on grammar and rhetoric, works on arts and crafts, medical books, and works in Sanskrit on politics and state-craft have been studied by Western scholars in translations and monographs. The six famous schools of thought, the Darsanas—Nyaya, Vaisheshika, Sankhya, Yoga, Purvameemamsa or Karma-

Meemamsa, and Uttara-Meemamsa or Vedanta—in their turn have received some very close and systematic attention at the hands of Western writers.

I

As far as I have been able to attempt an analysis, the work done up to the present by Western scholars and researchers in the field of Sanskrit language and literature can be conveniently assigned to three categories: (1) A group of investigators has confined itself to philological problems; and comparative philology with especial reference to Sanskrit has absorbed the best attention of many a scholar. (2) Sympathetic admirers of Indian philosophical systems, who, dissatisfied with the solutions offered by Western schools of theology and metaphysics, on the problems of life and death, here and hereafter, would gladly turn to Eastern wisdom for spiritual inspiration, guidance and consolation, constitute the second category. Scholars belonging to this category have applauded unreservedly the excellence of the philosophical truths proclaimed by the Upanishads and the Darsanas, gladly and readily running the risk of unpopularity at home. (3) Hostile critics urged by a megalomaniacal contempt for Eastern culture and civilisation have not hesitated to condemn Indian philosophy as a worthless discipline, and as an unsystematised inchoate nebulosity of Maya, Karma, Samsara, and Moksha. A strange yet simple piece of illogic makes them conclude that a country politically subordinated to another and unprogressive in sciences and industries could never have developed or constructed useful systems of philosophy and attractive systems of morality and religion. These distinguished diehards constitute the third category.

Three other minor categories are also discernible: (a) Missionary and ecclesiastical workers whose vision is beclouded by theological prejudices and predilections write and speak disparagingly of Indian philosophy and religion, believing that to be the best way of carrying on intellectual proselytization. They form a category to reckon with. (b) Those who think in terms of the League of Nations and Intellectual Co-operation and of International Committees associated with it, admit sometimes in a patronising, and at other times in a sycophantic, manner that Indian philosophy has a message of its own for the West. (c) University teachers and enterprising publishers who, when they find books on Indian philosophy marketable, occasionally utter a word of praise for the religions and philosophies of India.

II

Indian scholars, who were the first to turn to advantage the Western system of education introduced by the rulers, have contributed what they could to an interpretation of Indian philosophy and religion to the West. With increased and ever-increasing facilities for travel, with the perfection of the means of international communica-

tion, and with a gradual breaking down of the barriers of sacerdotalism, blind orthodoxy, and conservatism, many Indian teachers, professors, and researchers have worked at different foreign universities interested in the advancement of Eastern learning. The earliest attempts at exposition of the doctrines of Indian philosophy betray a lack of adequate command over the technical philosophical terminology that has been current coin in Indian thought from time immemorial. Indian scholars who had drunk deep at the fountain of Western education ignored their own culture and philosophy; as a result, the orthodox Pandits, who had cultivated the spirit of obscurantism, since they rightly considered that philosophical pearls should not be cast before those unable to appreciate them, became the custodians of the traditionally transmitted truths of religion and philosophy. The English-educated and *pro-tanto* civilised refused to come to any intelligent understanding with the Pandits, whom they considered hide-bound by orthodoxy and conservatism.

Foreigners took merely anthropological interest in writing expositions and attempting critical studies of Indian philosophical systems. They failed in a majority of cases sympathetically to appreciate and understand the genuine significance and spirit of the texts studied by them. They restricted their activities to some ancient treatises and ignored altogether the extensive mass of controversial literature. The early Indian attempts at interpretation of Eastern wisdom to the West reveal not a very precise or commensurate control over the terminology of European philosophy.

III

The Indian stir or unrest has had its repercussions on Indian philosophy and religion. During the last decade or two, expositions of Indian philosophy by Indians acquainted with the systems and the terminology of the West (especially philosophical technique and terminology in English) have been published. Two outstanding attempts at an interpretation of Indian Darsanas to the West are, respectively, by Sir S. Radhakrishnan, D.Litt., and Dr. S. N. Das Gupta, Ph. D. The former completed his survey of Indian thought in two volumes, *Indian Philosophy*, devoting the first to the Vedas, the Upanishads, the Gita, Jainism, and Buddhism, and the second to the six well-known systems—Nyaya, Vaisheshika, Sankhya, Yoga, Purvameemamsa, and the Vedanta. The latter has published two volumes, *A History of Indian Philosophy*, the first of which contains an account of the philosophy of the Vedas, the Brahmanas, and the Upanishads, together with a treatment of Jainism, Buddhism, the Nyaya, Vaisheshika, Sankhya, Yoga and Purvameemamsa systems, and a part of the Advaita Vedanta of Sankara; while the second deals with the remaining part of the Advaita Vedanta, Yoga-Vashishta, speculation in medical literature, and the philosophy of the Gita. Subse-

quent volumes of his *History of Indian Philosophy* have been promised by this writer.

It cannot be denied that both the authors have done splendid service in the cause of Indian philosophy. Their scholarship is widely recognised and admired. They have an international status as philosophers.

IV

Whether the portraiture of the "Decline of the West" painted by Spengler be faithful or not, whether or not the forebodings of Dean Inge prove true, there is no doubt that Western civilisation, with its exaggerated emphasis on the glorification of the work of man and with its portentous preoccupation with the values of comfortable existence, self-aggrandisement, and exploitation of the weak by the strong, is now realised to be incapable of affording genuine spiritual satisfaction or consolation. Occasionally at least the West is sure to look to the East for spiritual guidance. Ancient Indian philosophy has a message universal in appeal. It is natural that Indians acquainted with the texts, traditions and truths of the Vedanta are the best fitted to interpret and convey the message to others.

Unfortunately, modern Indian attempts are too strongly coloured by the conclusions of Western orientalists, philologists, chronologists and others to be entitled to be described as faithful to the original texts and traditions. Personal influence at Western seats of learning, and Western publications have exercised a subtle hypnotic effect over the minds of modern Indian interpreters of Indian philosophy to the West, who have emphasized either doubtful parallelisms between Western and Eastern doctrines or have destroyed the individuality of Indian doctrines altogether. This is indeed a deplorable state of affairs.

Modern Indian attempts, further, reveal a nervous anxiety to fall into line with Western concepts, and a pathetic susceptibility to the critical judgment of Western scholars. It is too late in the day to contend that a doctrine not accepted by the Western critical intelligentsia or connoisseurs is *per se* devoid of philosophical value or significance. It is the duty of Indian scholars to interpret the doctrines embodied in their sacred texts faithfully, without distortions or torturing of texts, and regardless of any nervous fear of whether or not such an interpretation will be favourably received in the West.

Consider, for instance, cardinal doctrines like "Karma," "Maya," and other intricacies of Indian metaphysical system-building. If doctrines like these have been held by Western critics to be unsound and unsatisfactory there is no reason to be disconcerted or disheartened. It is the duty of Indian scholars to express and expound, in terminology that is current coin, the truths of Indian philosophy embodied in the ancient Sanskrit texts and treatises, without taking liberties with the language used, and without doing violence to terse technical terms and to the spirit and import sought to be

conveyed by them. Whether modern critics of philosophical tendencies will admire Indian doctrines or will condemn them should be a question of absolutely minor importance. Indian doctrines have to be presented to the Western world in their pristine purity and in their indigenous historical and philosophical settings. The dishing and garnishing of Indian doctrines are detrimental alike to consumers and to the culinary artists of Indian philosophy.

V

Miss Mayo seems to have studied Indian social customs and conditions just with a view to slinging mud at them. She does not appear to have moved even her little finger to better them. Bettering is India's look out. Mud slinging is hers. There have been critics of Indian thought of her calibre. The Vedas and the Upanishads have been described to be the babblings of child-humanity. On the other hand the Upanishads have been admitted by yet others to have been the solace of their life and the solace of their death.

If, in any keen struggle of existence, Indian systems of philosophy prove weak and unequal, let them perish. Nobody need be sorry for any such outcome of that struggle. If the systems survive, they survive on account of their inherent virility and vitality. The tardy and grudging recognition of the value of Indian systems and reference to them as if they existed merely on sufferance, are repugnant to those whose conviction of the intrinsic worth and spiritual satisfyingness of the Indian systems is deep and grounded on a correct understanding of the genuine significance of the texts and traditions.

I propose to show, by the courtesy of the Editors of THE ARYAN PATH, that from the treatment of the problem of Indian philosophy attempted by Drs. Radhakrishnan and Das Gupta the genuine Indian orientation is absent.* The opinions

* Defiance of tradition by the author of *Indian Philosophy* is palpable when he uncritically adopts the rendering of "Vishishtadvaita" as "Qualified non-Dualism" which is "Qualified Monism" (Vol. 1, p. 259, and Vol. 2, p. 661). It is *not* Monism at all. It is Pluralism, as it admits three entities which are irreducible to one another, Chit, Achit, and Isvara (animate, inanimate, and the Supreme). The Supreme is immanent in matter. It is likewise immanent in finite spirits. *Chidvishishta-achidvishishtayoh advaitam. i. e.*, "The Supreme in immanence with matter is 'Achid-vishishta.' The Supreme in immanence with finite spirits is 'Chid-vishishta.' The Supreme is One." Or the immanence may be expressed in respect of the manifest and unmanifest stages of existence of both matter and spirit. *Sthulachidachidvishishta-Sukshma-chidachidvishishtayoh-advaitam.* "The Supreme is immanent in matter and spirit-manifest. It is equally immanent in matter and spirit-unmanifest. The Supreme is One." Ramanuja's Monism is neither qualified nor modified. It is not Monism at all.

Defiance of tradition by the author of *A History of Indian Philosophy* is equally painful. In rendering the term "Asitah" which occurs in *Brihadaranyaka* (3-9-26, again 4-2-4, and 4-5-15) he suggests, "It is evidently the ablative of *asi* a sword," and complains that "Deussen, Max Müller, and Roer have all misinterpreted this passage". (Vol. 1, p. 45). I regret to note that Dasgupta, Deussen, Max Müller, and Roer are in the same boat. The term is emphatically *not* an ablative, nor is there any reference to the sword. Sankara interprets it as "A-baddhah." The term "Asitah" means *not in bondage*, hence free. Followers of the school of Madhva have adopted the same interpretation (*Brihadaranyaka-khandartha*). The term should be interpreted in no other manner. It is on a par with terms like "Asangah," "Agrahyah," etc., occurring in the same context. (For Sankara's interpretation, see *Brihadaranyaka*, p. 515, Anadasrama Press, Poona, Edition.)

and judgments of Western orientalists, chronologists, and philologists in respect of Indian philosophical problems and issues have influenced them in no small measure.

The Upanishads, the Bhagavad-Gita, and the Vedanta Sutras form three textual totalities or unities around which destructive and constructive philosophical attempts have centred. A rational philosophical quest is always directed to the solution of three problems of fundamental importance. The problems relate (1) to the elucidation of the nature of the Finite and the Infinite, (2) to a determination of the philosophical status and characteristics of external reality, and (3) to an explanation of the final goal and destiny of man-liberation from the ills of recurring cycles of births and deaths (phantasmagoria of metempsychosis, in the words of a Western interpreter of the Upanishads). The three problems have been thoroughly discussed in the Gita, the Upanishads and the Sutras. I shall narrate the conclusions embodied in these texts, taking care to preserve intact the genuine Indian orientation, which I submit is missing and absent from the works of the two doctors. Thus, the Gita, the Upanishads and the Sutras will form respectively, the subject-matter of exposition, in the three succeeding contributions. If the series enables the readers of THE ARYAN PATH to arrive at a correct estimate of the value and the spiritual satisfyingness of the solutions contained in ancient Indian texts of the permanent and persistent problems of philosophy, it will have fulfilled its purpose. At the suggestion of the Editors the series has been made pre-eminently descriptive and expository. It is neither artificially academic nor combatively controversial, though it would be easy to establish the conclusions of the series by means of the standardised species of Vedantic debate—Vada-Jalpa and Vitanda. The main thesis of the series is that Indian philosophical truths should be expounded as they are, without torturing texts and traditions.

R. NAGA RAJA SARMA

MY NOTE BOOK

Modern Knowledge and Ancient—Disappearance of Soul-Science—Coins—Conventional and Intrinsic Values—The Absolutely Intrinsic forever Unknowable—Bio-Chemistry in 600 A. D.—Men and Things Radio-Active.

[Friends and admirers of **A. R. Orage**, Editor of *The New English Weekly*, describe him as a practical mystic, others as an impatient idealist; either way, he and his newspaper are forces to reckon with in the building of a new society everywhere. In this quarterly instalment of his "Note Book" he makes use of Analogy, which is the guiding law in Nature, the only true Ariadne's thread that can lead us, through the inextricable paths of her domain, towards her primal and final mysteries.—EDS.]

Suppose that the capacity to carry on the discipline of modern science were to atrophy in the world, but that our text-books remained to be discovered by a future generation,—what would our remote descendants make of them? If they had reason they could not but conclude that our scientific dissertations appeared to exhibit reason. And since many of them would appear to refer to practical results they could not but conclude that there seemed to be method in our unintelligibility. Ultimately, perhaps, or possibly through the agency of a few people who had preserved the traditions, our science might begin to be understood; and little by little, if all went well, our text-books would be read as intelligently as they were written. I am often tempted to employ this parallel when reading the "ancient scriptures". Nobody with reason can deny that, however indecipherable, fantastic and irrelevant they may appear, they have the form and formality not only of reason but of exact reasoning. And nobody, again, of any judgment can deny that at least they appear to be concerned about practical matters and about practical matters of obviously the very highest importance to the authors. Of relatively late years, moreover, the parallel can be carried into the field of interpretation and revival. Many of us remember, as one of our greatest experiences, the translation into modern language of some of the ancient texts by Madame Blavatsky. It is true that even Madame Blavatsky could not reduce the ancient wisdom to the level of our ordinary understanding; but without the smallest doubt she convinced many of us, first, that the ancient wisdom of the soul was once a science; secondly, that its disappearance from the world was not on account of its supersession by a superior science, but on account of some temporary occultation of the higher faculties of man; thirdly, that the tradition of the science remained and possibly continued to be taught by its masters and practised by its pupils; and, finally, that it was concerned with the highest values, without the realisation of which all our

civilisation is doomed merely to creep, as it were, on the ground. What, and much more, the translation of the Rosetta tablet was to our knowledge of Cuneiform, Madame Blavatsky's discovery of a key to the ancient science was, and will be, to the world's knowledge of its own spiritual past and future. It is even unimportant to inquire whether Madame Blavatsky did anything else, or, indeed, was anything else than an inspired "reader" of the long-dead and forgotten language. In the history of values still to be realised she will rank as the great re-discoverer and initiator.

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Another analogy. We have all seen children playing with coins of different values and discriminating them, not by their conventional differences, but by properties irrelevant to their value: their size, for instance, or their colour and polish. The realisation of relative monetary values, irrespective of irrelevant signs, is one of the landmarks in the development of the child's mind. The parallel in the case of grown-ups is their almost universal failure to discriminate values in almost every other department of life save in precisely the department of money. It would almost seem, in fact, that with the successful effort to overcome childish ignorance in the matter of money-values, the majority of mankind ceased making any effort to discriminate other values. This is not to say that mankind in general does not love to play with values—the values, for instance of Biology and Ethics, Art and Religion, Science and Philosophy (I have named, in their proper ascending order, all but the comprehensive seventh value). These values have the attraction for mankind that coins have for children. But it is obvious that, in the first place, their discrimination is not according to their proper relative qualities,—or mankind would agree about them; and, in the second place, that very few people are even interested in their proper relation—or all our differences of opinion would at least be referred to the ultimate conventions. A dispute among children concerning the relative value of coins would only occur when one of them began to question the arbitrary discriminations. Thereafter, presumably, either they would all accept the definitions of grown-ups, or, at worst, they would continue to "play" but in the knowledge that they were only "making believe". In the case of adults and the higher values, however, not only do the majority "play," but they decline to listen to what they regard as "authority" (though real authority is only the declaration of the convention) and, in consequence, they continue to play without even the suspicion that they are playing. *De gustibus*, they say, *non est disputandum*; exactly as children might say that the difference of coin-values is a matter of taste and not of reason. On the contrary, I look forward (as well as backward) to a culture in which precisely matters of taste in values are subject to dispute and final settlement; in which, perhaps,

only such matters are considered worth disputing.

* * *

In using the word "convention" for the proper order of relative values I am again employing analogy. But the analogy this time is rather more subtle. We know very well that the relative values of coins is conventional in the sense that they are man-made. On the other hand, though man-made, and therefore not intrinsic, the vast majority of people are unaware that they are so, and, what is more, these conventional values work *as if* they were intrinsic. Though gold and silver and copper have no intrinsic differences of value, the man-made convention of their difference acts as if they had; in other words, in the society where they are current, copper, silver, and gold of equal quantities command relatively different responses from society. What I wish to, if I dare, suggest, is that the differences of values in the universal field are as much a convention as the differences of value in coins; only that, in the larger field, the convention is Logos-made, and the "society" in which they are current is our world. Only such a supposition, I think, gives meaning and importance to values at all. If their ordering is not due to intelligence, if their currency with their established difference is not intentional and purposive, if they are not, in fact, instituted (on the analogy of money-values) for and in the interests of the Great Society, then no dispute as to their relation is more than a waste of words and a mockery of reason. It is true that in accepting the highest values as only a convention (albeit Logos-made and not man-made) we are still removed from the absolute intrinsic; but, in the first place, the absolutely intrinsic is forever unknowable, being, as it is, the Potential of an infinity of Actuals; in the second place, the convention, though not absolutely intrinsic, may be intrinsic in our Actual world; and, finally, exactly as the convention of money-differences works *as if* the differences were intrinsic, so the conventions of value in the Great Society of our world may, and I think, do work as if they were intrinsic. I forbear to risk vulgarising the conception by reminding myself that Emerson said that "our world" is like a shop where you can buy anything in stock with the proper values.

* * *

The history of Bio-chemistry, we are told, though short, is already glorious; but the science has a long, long way to go before even beginning to catch up with its predecessors in sixth-century Hindu thought, and still further to pass it. My friend A. E., the well-known Irish poet, painter and mystic, remarked to me the other day that the faculties of man are "radio-active"; their presence, or rather, the substance of their presence, produces effects of an entirely different order from the effects of their manifest activity. And it was thus that he accounted for the extraordinary "influence" that people, and not only people, but all things,

exert on each other unconsciously and untraceably. Without accepting as precise the phrase "radioactive" (and I am sure that A.E. had no intention of strictly scientific meaning) the suggestion of reciprocal bio-chemical influences arising from the neighbouring or even remotely separated "presences" of beings is distinctly valuable, and points, perhaps, to a field of observation and experiment so far untilled by the young science of Bio-chemistry. It is too soon, in fact, to demand any psychological results of the new science. Much, much remains to be re-done, even in the matter of metabolisms, before the modern bio-chemist can begin to compare with his Hindu forerunners. On the other hand, the greatest service to the new science, next to that of working practically in it, is to keep its windows open on the widest possible vistas; and to be unsatisfied, if not dissatisfied, with anything less than its achievement of the understanding of the psychology of chemistry—or, as the ancients called it, Alchemistry.

A. R. ORAGE

CULTURAL INSULARITY

The great philosophers and teachers are the glory of humanity. No country can claim them as its peculiar property or demand credit for their appearance in its midst. Nor does the message of the world's great thinkers and teachers belong to any given age. The hall-mark of truth, as of art, is its universality. That which is true, like that which is beautiful, possesses a validity that is of place as little as of time.

But there is pride of time, subtler and more widespread than pride of place. It exalts the present era. The latest scientific theory, the book just off the press, the *dernier cri* in art, drama, education, philosophy—that is the best. "The new age speaks; let all the voices of the past be still!" Such pride we could imagine the leaves feeling that flutter for a season on a tree. "See, we have life and motion, all the rest is dead wood merely, that we try to hide." But where were they without the moving sap that courses through the trunk we see, and from the roots deep hidden from the sight of man? The first step towards their fall is their insulation against the life of the parent tree.

The lesson for our modern age is not to insulate ourselves against the living stream of thought that is our heritage, the message of past eras that, assimilated, still can give us strength. Let the Wise speak, be they of ancient or of modern times, of this land or of that, nor heed the clamorous throng who would deny them hearing!

PH. D.

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

MAN VERSUS THE MACHINE*

[D. L. **Murray**, author, journalist, and critic, has written several thoughtful articles for THE ARYAN PATH. In our first volume appeared "Is A New Religion Emerging?" More recently he has contributed "Natural and Spiritual Mysticism," "Plato's Message for the Moderns," and "Plato, the Religious Seer," the last of which appeared in April of the last year. In this article he analyses a symposium of South African thought on the present world picture.—EDS.]

This volume represents the laudable endeavour of the Witwatersrand University to fulfil that part of its educational work which comprises "the spread of culture among the people as a whole". In a series of ten admirable lectures some of its most distinguished teachers (including also General Smuts, the author of the now famous "Holistic" philosophy) seek to give the general public a conspectus of the changes brought about in the modern world-view by recent advances in science, psychology, economics and philosophy. It is impossible not to be struck by the vigour and freshness with which these S. African teachers attack their difficult problems, and if no closely coherent system of thought emerges from their contributions this does not destroy the value of what, after all, is primarily a voyage of spiritual exploration.

In view of the diverse character of the volume it was an excellent idea to get Prof. R. F. A. Hoernlé to exercise the co-ordinating function belonging to his status as a teacher of philosophy and sum up the principal conclusions of the enquiry. Readers might do worse than follow the example of the present reviewer, who began with Prof. Hoernlé's lecture, though placed last in the book. It is a shrewd and lucid piece of analysis, and this reviewer's gratitude for it is not dimmed by the fact that the theories of the previous contributors with which he is most in sympathy are in the main those about which Mr. Hoernlé feels most doubt. This is particularly so in the case of Prof. J. Y. T. Greig's outspoken denunciation of the tyranny of machinery in modern civilisation in his lecture "Literature in the Machine Age." Prof. Greig points out that since about 1800 English literature has been essentially a literature of revolt or escape, the work of minds "ill at ease" in their environment—a fact which is hardly to be denied. It is as true of the great poets, for the most part, as of Carlyle, Newman, Arnold, Ruskin or Morris. For Mr. Greig the explanation of this fact is to be sought in the progressive dominance of the machine over man—and the disillusioned literature of the latest age of all

* *Our Changing World-View*. Ten Lectures. (University of the Witwatersrand Press, Johannesburg. 10s. 6*d*.)

shows that this state of spiritual unrest has only been intensified and exacerbated since the War. He maintains that—

> in the latter half of the eighteenth century, European man, led, I regret to say, by the British people, turned up a blind alley in pursuit of a will-o'-the-wisp called Power over Nature, and has been racing at a constantly accelerating speed along this blind alley ever since.

With Mr. Greig's main position this writer is in hearty agreement, though some discrimination is in our opinion needed when we come to consider the five evils which Mr. Greig attributes to the dominance of the machine in modern life. These evils are

(1) "In proportion as it has bestowed on man increased power over Nature, it has withdrawn him from the influences of Nature."

(2) It has established a false scale of values. "The good life is being measured in terms of enamelled bath-tubs."

(3) The products of the Machine Age are "increasingly all of a pattern, standardized, stereotyped, without variety and without individuality".

(4) So far from increasing profitable leisure, "experience shows that mechanized work renders nine-tenths of the world fit only for mechanized play".

(5) The Machine Age is driven more and more to the belief that "power is itself a good, an end in itself instead of just a means that can be used for good or evil ends at choice."

It must be owned that (2) and (5) hardly seem *necessary* consequences of a Machine Civilisation. A religious community existing for religious contemplation or a philosophic community existing for intellectual research might regulate the material basis of its life by Machinery without being false to its own scale of values. The assumption of (4) that "mechanized play" is bad depends on proving that "mechanized work" is bad, and the assumption of (1) depends on proving that Nature is a better environment than machinery. The real spear-point of the charge lies in (3) the destruction of vital individuality by the machine.

To maintain this we must have some clear idea (as Mr. Hoernlé rightly insists) of what we mean by a "machine". Those, for instance, who praise a windmill and condemn a steam-mill are really only preferring a machine that does not destroy the beauties of the countryside to a machine that does. And a sailing-boat is as truly a machine as a steam-ship. A machine can hardly be distinguished in the last resort from a tool, and without tools even the rudest civilisation is impossible. The real case for those who think along the lines of Mr. Greig lies in pointing out that in proportion as the machine is independent of the *living* control of the human factor, it (being a dead thing) tends to produce lifeless results. The painter's brush is a machine (or a tool) but it is so exquisitely responsive to his hand that the work he produces with its help has the immediate stamp of life and individuality. The sailing-ship (all seamen agree) gives more scope to the human agent than the steam-ship, hand-printing than machine-printing and so forth.

To allow machinery on a large scale to dominate the life of man, says Mr. Greig, "makes steadily and inevitably for the elimination of the arts, crushes out and destroys those human values which the arts have always fostered and upheld, and substitutes for them other values definitely lower in the scale." But it does not simply devastate the arts; since faculties and organs atrophy by disuse it must in the long run destroy the human type itself. If the machine is to be hands, limbs, eyes for us, we shall ultimately (like the "Martians" of Mr. Wells's fantasy) lose the very structure of human beings. The machine, which begins beneficently by enlarging and enhancing human faculty, ends by eliminating it and by disuse annihilating it. It begins as Life organizing matter for its purposes, and ends as matter becoming the substitute for Life. That is the case against the Machine Age, in the opinion of the present reviewer an unanswerable one.

Mr. Hoernlé in criticizing Mr. Greig occupies himself especially with one of the obviously deleterious consequences of machine domination, *viz.* that it does not so much "save labour" as "save labourers," —produce unemployment on a colossal scale. But since workless men draw no wages, there are fewer and fewer purchasers left for the goods that the machines are producing, so that in the end they destroy their own reason for being. Mr. Hoernlé replies to this that we must accept the fact of permanent unemployment on the widest scale to be produced by machinery and reverse our traditional judgment that work is a blessing and idleness a misfortune or a crime. Much less must we continue to deprive men of their share in the output of machinery because they have not helped to produce it. "Leisure" will be the great fact in an age of perfected mechanization and the task before us is to find worthy employment for the hours of leisure.

Assuredly Mr. Hoernlé's view is the only rational and humane one to take in a machine-driven civilization, but what forms is this "noble employment of leisure" to assume? We can only think of three: (1) passive enjoyment, (2) active occupation of a non-productive character, (3) the "theoretic" life or life devoted to the things of the mind. The first of these, embracing trivial relaxations and watching or listening to the activities of others, artistic or skilful or sporting, is no doubt an element in the good life; but to make it the *predominant* element would surely degrade the race and justify the old denunciations of the idler. The second, active work which is not *real* work, would seem to be only the useless duplication of the energies of machinery! Mr. Hoernlé speaks of "skilled handicrafts". But if our clothes, furniture, housing, etc., are to be supplied by machinery, what need but luxury is served by handicrafts supervening? Mr. Hoernlé speaks of time to "cultivate their gardens," but if agriculture is interesting why res-

trict men to the production of the superfluities? Mr. Hoernlé holds that leisure will produce a "renascence of the arts"—as if all history was not there to prove the creed of William Morris that great art is the expression of joy in action and work, not the embellishment of the lazy moment. Art is truly renascent when the tools and dwellings and clothing of man's daily life are made beautiful, not when ingenuity and fancy relieve the gaping stretches of inactivity. Machine-civilization promises to make whole populations of "idle rich"; one would have supposed that the proverbial *ennui* of the "idle rich" in the past would have set up a warning signal against that ideal. The violent sports to which the leisured classes are prone only show the impulse to creative energy which is inherent in man, deprived of its legitimate outlet. He must work, and will expend his bodily energies in the void of unending "games" if he is forbidden to employ them for more useful purposes.

As for the life of "theoria," Mr. Hoernlé begins his lecture by a humorous deprecation of the current belief that a "philosopher" is essentially a man employed about nothing worth while. He may be assured that the alleged futility of philosophers would become a very real one in a world in which the "mind" was radically divorced from action, and philosophy had no material but the day-dreams of a humanity which had resigned to machinery all effective contact with Nature and with Life.

We would not presume to say to what extent Prof. Hoernlé's philosophic thought has been moulded by Hegel; but it is curious to note the extent to which he is in agreement with such a thorough-paced Hegelian as the late Bernard Bosanquet in his conservative distrust of theories that innovate on the assumptions of 19th century science and economics—your Hegelian distrusts any attempt to divert or reverse the set currents of thought as they have evolved in history. So, while coming to terms with the Machine Civilization, Mr. Hoernlé also criticizes the endeavours of other contributors to the volume, General Smuts, Prof. J. P. Dalton and Dr. Robert Broom, to re-introduce in one form or another the idea of *spontaneity* in the material world or in biologic evolution. His dialectics are (legitimately) effective against writers who, being more concerned perhaps with the conceptions of Science than those of Philosophy, have not at all points made their beliefs clear or distinguished sufficiently between physical and spiritual determination or rounded off their notions of creative freedom. The departure from the rigid conception of necessary causation which is involved in recognizing the *spontaneity* of Life (like Free Will and the power of Choice in man) still offers to Mr. Hoernlé the inacceptable paradox of "More out of Less" or "Something out of Nothing". Yet universal determination, such as to preclude genuine novelty, something unplanned and unpredictable, in the course of evolution, only presents us in the

end with the "block Universe" which is another form of mechanical theory—only here the whole cosmos is reduced to a machine, however stately its disguise of "spiritual" attributes.

A similar unwillingness to abandon the assumptions of mechanism is disclosed in Prof. C. S. Richard's lecture on "Our Changing Economic World" where, amid much that is valuable, we find the ideal of national self-sufficiency in economics condemned as unsparingly and uncompromisingly as if these were still the days of the triumphant Manchester school. No doubt Mr. Richards is not bound to Mr. Greig's revolt against the Machine Age; but local self-sufficiency is the only alternative to machine mass-production, treating the world as a single unit. In the view of those like the present writer who consider the dominance of the Machine a menace to man's faculties and liberty, it is vital to the *spiritual* health of particular communities that they should preserve a balance of agriculture and industry (country and town values) and produce so far as possible the articles that they need by their own labour and with the stamp of their own individuality... But to pursue these reflections would lead into the field of politics, and it is enough now to thank the bold and clear thinkers who have in these lectures provided such food for reflection.

D. L. MURRAY

A WAY TO JESUS*

[**Humbert Wolfe** combines in himself poetic genius and practical common sense—both of which are active, otherwise he could not have produced *The Uncelestial City* nor could he hold, as he does, the position of Principal Assistant Secretary to the Ministry of Labour. Mr. Wolfe first wrote for us in May 1931, and since then has contributed from time to time articles. His review of Mr. Andrews's book reveals him in both of his aspects—as poet and as man of affairs.—EDS.]

Some preliminary explanation of how I found it possible to comment upon *Christ in the Silence* is needed. At first sight it was a book of which for every reason I found myself unsuitable as a reviewer. In the first place Mr. Andrews does not address himself to the intellect. His way is through the the emotions to communion. That has always been a way that I have distrusted, or perhaps envied. Like T. H. Green, to whom Mr. Andrews refers, I have said of those to whom it was available, "You are very fortunate." In the second place it is an exposition, a very personal exposition of the way to Jesus intended primarily for those who have either lost the way or desire to find it. It is, moreover, a book for disciples. It has that atmosphere of intimate colloquy that belongs particularly

* Christ in the Silence. By C. F. ANDREWS. (Hodder & Stoughton, London. 5s.)

to small gatherings of the anxiously eager for revelation. I have no right to be of that company. I have, indeed, lost the way which Mr. Andrews follows and illuminates, but I have lost it because I never had it, and I cannot pretend that I am in search of it.

It would be right and honest, therefore, I thought as I read these loving pages, to entrust comment to more sympathetic hands. I will send it back, I said to myself, and ask that a work so informed with eager piety should be saluted by one of the same temper. But even as I came to this conclusion, a doubt began to assail my mind. There was in the book so much and such simple goodness, so palpable and so modest a humanity, that gradually the figure of Mr. Andrews, quite apart from his teaching, began to crystallize in my mind. I saw him incessantly toiling, and never for himself. I watched him as a young man radiantly accepting Canon Ottley's guidance. I followed him in his journeys East and West (particularly East), and always he cared for others and never for himself. If he was occupied with the Kingdom of God, it was as a guide and never as one entering himself in triumph. More and more in his own despite there emerged the portrait of something very like a Saint. Clearly, Mr. Andrews would shudder if this name were applied to him, I thought, because being, as it seems, salt he cannot be aware of his own savour. For that is the way of salt. Nevertheless in this patient, honest and entirely unliterary writing, there is a purpose so direct, a mission so evident that it compels not only the attention but the admiration of those who have forgotten the simplicities of life and of the heart. And, I said to myself, I have always believed that in the order of importance to mankind the saints are before the artists. The artists make the Bethesda pool of beauty, but the saints trouble it at certain hours so that it becomes the water of healing.

Nor was this conviction my only reason for paying a tribute to what Mr. Andrews had written in words and in a manner wholly alien to my cast of mind. I found that when all questions of Faith and unfaith were left on the one side, what he taught and what he believed was that the only way of saving for this storm-tossed world was through love and suffering. All about me I heard the raucous voices proposing a score of other remedies for the disease in the soul of the world. "Let us stimulate trade and abolish or increase tariffs," cried this one. "Let us multiply or destroy machinery," cried that. "Let us root out or enshrine capitalism," cried a third. "Let us have one man or a hundred million as the ruler," screamed another. "Action, action, action," they shouted in common. "Kill the capitalists, exterminate the Communists, drive out colour, worship (or denounce) gold. Do everything," they shouted, "but look into the silence of the heart lest we see, if not God, at least His

shadow in that dark glass." Mr. Andrews, on the other hand, goes back to the individual heart. The world, he knows, can only be won on the battlefield of the private spirit. All the Stock Exchanges of the two hemispheres supported by massed Dictators are idle straws in that wind. "Back to ourselves—and through ourselves to something beyond ourselves in love and suffering," whispers Mr. Andrews in the silence. That seems to me to be a more excellent way, and therefore, still not without a sense of unsuitability, I have ventured to say a word upon *Christ in the Silence.*

I cannot, and Mr. Andrews would not have me, unless it were my conviction, reach his goal, though it is my goal too, by his path. Nor am I moved, as he is moved, by the many testimonies from all parts of the world that he adduces to the truth of his gospel. But I can and do say two things. First, that for those who honourably profess the Christian faith, here is a man whom, both because of his words and acts, they can follow with enrichment. Mr. Andrews is not a scholar in the Gospels. He cannot resolve, nor does he seek to resolve, the intellectual tangles that the Scriptures present to metaphysically-minded persons. His way is the lover's way, the road of acceptance. Like Mother Julian of Norwich he would and does say, "Beseeching is a true, gracious, lasting will of the Soul." He will be beseeching his Lover's grace, not expounding and analyzing it. To those, therefore, to whom this way of love is open, this is a lover's manual. Here set by the side of great earthly lovers are the names of lovers of the unearthly such as Sadhu Sundar Singh and Kagawa, who have suffered all for the beloved, and whose sufferings must be a light to others.

This much for the words. For the acts these are manifest in every page. Mr. Andrews has been the chosen friend of Gandhi and Tagore. He has striven in India and in South Africa for the true peace, the peace, resting not on treaties signed with fleeting political signatures, but on the treaty of the enfranchised heart. He has seen a light in the East and he has followed it not for his own sake but, like the Kings, to worship and to bring gifts.

The book therefore has importance entirely divorced from the formal doctrine which it advances even for those who cannot receive that doctrine. Mr. Andrews typically and rightly begins his work with the cleansing of the Disciples' feet. He urges that fundamentally, if the world is to be saved, we must return to the surrender of self to others, to some reconciliation of the One and the Many. What a platitude that is, and yet, like other platitudes in its time and in its place it has the gold trumpet of destiny at its command. The world is distracted by the impossibility of the Many, or bewitched by the temporary triumph of the One. But by another path is their hope of escape. The release is in the unity of the

two, when souls are again so precious that we are prepared to lose them so that the world may gain them. That is plain sense stated in terms of concrete mysticism. It is also inspired teaching, and there has been no time since it was said, "I have overcome the world," that it was more needed.

Mr. Andrews in the chapter entitled "The Glory of the Cross" tells a story of a visit paid by Dame Clara Butt to Rabindranath Tagore. At the end of the visit she asked if she might be allowed to sing one song. On the permission being most gladly granted, she sang the negro spiritual which begins:—

"Were you there, when they crucified My Lord?
Were you there?"

Mr. Andrews, I think, was there.

HUMBERT WOLFE

"LET INDIA BEWARE!"*

[**Max Plowman** reviews the book of an Indian publicist who has been both a preoccupied professor and an active politician; while the author derives his inspiration from western thinkers, "Burke at the head of them," the reviewer warns India against "modelling herself upon patterns in the West confessedly outmoded. Let her not barter it (her genius) for a mess of politics."—EDS.]

These are the days when people living in the West are being driven to first principles, not from choice, but by the terrible urgency of circumstance—when the insecurity of life which was manifested by a continental upheaval in war has shaken men out of the acceptance of traditional ideas and compelled them to question those attitudes toward the State, the Nation and the World which their fathers accepted as basic. As we behold the kaleidoscopic rise and fall of states, the ready-made, quick-change policies of governments, the running hither and thither to find even the most temporary solutions of disastrous social evils, there is forced upon us more and more the necessity of asking primary questions. From the easy acceptance of Nationalism, Imperialism, Hereditary Aristocracy, Landed Privilege, Industrial Supremacy, Democratic Government, the individual is driven back to the elementary question: "What is your life?" For we begin to realise that unless the whole mechanism of the State works for the purpose of maintaining individual well-being, then man is a slave to circumstance—a slave toiling to support an organisation that has no ultimate justification—a menial creature who has made the means of life his end. Overwhelmingly the truth has been borne in upon us that the State is not an end in itself.

Religion alone determines the

**The Making of the State.* By M. RUTHNASWAMY, M. A. (Cantab) (Williams & Norgate, London, 21s.)

purpose of life. Only in religion can man find scope for consciousness. Only in that awe and worship before the mystery and beauty of life which consciousness realises can man find the kind of satisfaction in living that gives worth to life. Man is integrated by worship, and by nothing else. When he loses the sense of religious purpose he begins to return to the condition of the animal without the animal's innocence. He becomes bestial, predatory, self-destructive, perforce, because he perverts his nature by denying his spiritual energies; he harnesses to the ends of self-aggrandisement the powers which can find their real satisfaction only in pure worship. Nothing but the rediscovery of vital religion in the West can give its peoples a standpoint from which to rebuild and co-ordinate its misshapen and antagonistic States.

The problem before India is of course very different. She stands at the gateway of new inheritance with everything to make. She does not look to the revolution, but to the making of the State. Is she then the less in need of a clear understanding of first principles?

It would be notoriously unfair to complain that Mr. Ruthnaswamy's book is unprincipled. His matter is history, and his purpose the exhibition of historic example for the encouragement and warning of his fellow-countrymen. A barrister-at-law by profession and a conservative by temperament, he presents the case for the history of States without outstanding political bias. But in spite of a plethora of precepts, his treatise is wanting in principle: it does not go back to first principles at a time when these are most urgently in need of definition. No doubt he would plead that his object is confined to the presentation of historic examples in order that the student may be free to draw his own conclusions; and this he has accomplished quite ably. But is it enough to-day? History teaches; but it may easily mislead. History is true only when it is regarded from the standpoint of "becoming": it is false and misleading when the continuous ascending effort of mankind is lost sight of. Despite the proverb, it never repeats itself. Moreover, the present seems to be the moment, above all others in recorded history, when the political historian must be capable of examining the past in the light of the present, rather than seeing the present in the light of the past. For what is plain to everyone to-day is the fact that if the States of the world continue to act solely according to the rules of historic precedent, then civilisation itself will be destroyed. And it will really be destroyed for want of first principles. It will be destroyed because men have persisted in modes of living which they should have historically outgrown—because they have failed of the courage to enquire of themselves what are the primary needs of the life of man, and to make those needs the determinants of their forms of government.

The simple truth now borne in upon Western civilisation by years of acute suffering is that self-

sufficient States existing by their own autonomy, proud of their independence, and seeking primarily their own enlargement, are things that belong wholly to the historic past. Communication has contracted the globe until States which existed in isolation and independence are now, as it were, called upon to live under one roof. Therefore the principles of living which applied to them in their isolation and independence are no longer valid, and if applied can only lead to chaos. A new and original effort towards accommodation is required of mankind. In the accommodation of its people to a common form of government, the compact State served its day. But something greater is now required. The Federation of States is merely a further accommodation to include a greater number of units. That Federation is the immediate task of Western civilisation.

Mr. Ruthnaswamy writes for India, and in effect exhorts his country to learn of the West. India can learn, and in fact is learning, the lesson he proposes, with amazing rapidity. But ultimately, apart from the matter of religious toleration—the all-important lesson of liberty of conscience—it is only in external matters that India has much to learn from the West. India a State is a rightful and legitimate ambition; but in her natural desire for freedom and independence, let India beware of modelling herself upon patterns in the West confessedly outmoded. Her genius is religious in essence. Let her not barter it for a mess of politics. True to her own character she can learn with proud humility those lessons of household management which the West can teach. True to her religious genius she will be saved from that obsession with power which denotes the retarded growth of irreligious men.

MAX PLOWMAN

ROGER BACON*

[**H. Stanley Redgrove** reviews two important publications on the life-activities of Roger Bacon—the thirteenth-century adept in Alchemy and Magic Arts. This article is especially interesting in view of a contribution by Mr. Geoffrey West on "Paracelsus," the fifteenth-century Alchemist and Adept, which will appear next month.—EDS.]

It has been truly said that "a prophet is not without honour, save in his own country". One might well add: and in his own time. Certainly, this addition is true of Roger Bacon, undoubtedly one of the most adventurous thinkers which the thirteenth century in Europe produced. Restricted, during his lifetime, in his scientific activities by the Franciscan Order, of which he was a member, he was, although his works were not altogether without influence

* *The Opus Majus of Roger Bacon.* A Translation by ROBERT BELLE BURKE. 2 vols. (University of Pennsylvania Press, Philadelphia [Humphrey Milford, London.] $ 10.)
The Cipher of Roger Bacon. By WILLIAM ROMAINE NEWBOLD. Edited with Foreword and Notes by Roland Grubb Kent (University of Pennsylvania Press, Philadelphia [Humphrey Milford, London.] $ 4.)

in fruitful quarters, chiefly remembered by succeeding ages in terms of the fantastic and wholly misleading picture drawn of him by the author of *The Famous Historie of Fryer Bacon,* on a MS. copy of which work it is thought possible that Greene's famous (or, perhaps, one should say, infamous) play, *The Honourable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bongay,* was based. Not until the publication, in 1733, of the major portion of Bacon's *Opus Majus,* under the able editorship of Dr. Samuel Jebb, did it begin to be at all generally realised how great a man Roger Bacon was, nor, even if he was necessarily a child of his age, how he had a spiritual kinship with a generation which was yet to be born.

In 1914, the septcentenary of the birth of Roger Bacon was celebrated at Oxford; and, in spite of the outbreak of the European war in that year, 1914 saw much activity devoted to determining Bacon's correct position in the history of human thought. Nor has that activity ceased; and, seeing that nowadays Latin is in every sense of the word a dead language, a big debt of gratitude is due to Professor Burke for an admirable and complete translation of the *Opus Majus* published in 1928.

This must be regarded as Bacon's most important work and the one containing the completest expression of his philosophy. It was, however, written under peculiar circumstances and with a special object. It was addressed to Pope Clement IV, and was designed to win from him approbation of Bacon's views, and the means for furthering studies along Baconian lines. Hence, although I do not doubt the sincerity of Bacon's religious sentiments, nor that he quite honestly believed that advancements in the study of languages and mathematics, and, above all, in "experimental science" (child of his own mind), would serve to illumine the Bible and cement more firmly the foundations of Christian doctrine, yet I cannot escape from the suspicion, to which I gave expression in a short study of Bacon I wrote in 1920 (*Roger Bacon, the Father of Experimental Science, and Mediaeval Occultism*) that, "possibly, the utility of the sciences for theology is with Bacon not so much the *reason* as the *excuse* for their study".

The outstanding features of the *Opus Majus* are, in my opinion, the importance which Bacon attached to mathematical knowledge, an importance which even the more famous Francis Bacon (whose philosophy in certain respects so closely resembles that of Roger's) failed to realise, and his wholly novel emphasis on the necessity of experimental study. It may seem trite to modern ears to insist that—

> Reasoning draws a conclusion and makes us grant the conclusion, but does not make the conclusion certain, nor does it remove doubt so that the mind may rest on the intuition of truth, unless the mind discovers it by the path of experience.

We need, however, to think ourselves back into the mental atmosphere of the age in which Roger Bacon lived. Men resolutely shut their eyes to Nature. They believed that all knowledge might be gained by the processes of logic from certain fundamental principles; and were capable of believing that, let us say, A was B, if this conclusion could be reached by a process of syllogistical reasoning, although the fact that A was nothing of the sort stared them in the face all the time.

It is true that Bacon did not clearly distinguish between "experiment," which is deliberate, and "experience," which is fortuitous. Moreover, of experience he recognised as valid two kinds, that gained through the natural senses, and a spiritual insight or divine inspiration which gave an even surer sense of certitude. Regarding the latter I leave those to debate the question who desire; but there is no doubt that the failure to distinguish between "experiment" and "experience" not seldom led Bacon astray.

There is no doubt that Bacon envis-

aged the production of instruments which would make small things appear large and distant objects near. It is very doubtful, however, if he himself constructed a compound microscope or a telescope. Nor is it certain, as is commonly supposed, and as I myself thought in 1920, that he was the discoverer of gunpowder,* which did, however, become known in Europe during his day.

The formula for gunpowder is supposed to be concealed in a cryptic passage at the end of Bacon's *Epistola . . . . de secretis operibus naturae et de nullitate magiae,* the whole of the last three chapters of which are, apparently, written in cipher, a subject in which Bacon is known to have been interested. In 1904, Lt.-Col. H. W. L. Hime thought he had discovered the key to this cipher; and, applying it, extracted a formula (though not a very good one) for gunpowder. At a later date, the late Professor Newbold applied a totally different key and obtained . . . a different formula for gunpowder! Actually, the passage in question does not appear in the form in which it was deciphered in any MS. copy of the work. It would seem to be no more than a copyist error, and some doubt has been expressed as to whether the three cryptic chapters were not in their entirety the work of a hand other than Bacon's.

Professor Newbold's studies first arose in connection with a remarkable MS. discovered by Mr. W. M. Voynich in Europe in 1912. This MS. is written in a cipher which has so far baffled all experts to read. In addition to the text, it also contains a number of remarkable drawings of herbs, of astronomical subjects, and of subjects which Professor Newbold characterised as "biological". As a result of a study of this MS., Professor Newbold was led to the opinion that it was the work of Roger Bacon, and that it had been written, under a microscope, in a most complex cipher, in which each seeming character of the text was really a complex of signs derived from Greek shorthand,† themselves when transliterated constituting a work in cipher, requiring to be decoded along lines similar to those applicable in the case of the last three chapters of the *Epistola* and certain other Latin works.

Professor Newbold had only decoded a very small portion of the MS. when death overtook him; but the results of his work were published under the very conscientious and painstaking editorship of his friend, Prof. R. G. Kent, in 1926.

Unfortunately, more recent scholarship has subjected Newbold's work to devastating criticism. In particular, Professor Manly's article on the subject, published in *Speculum* for July, 1931, made it abundantly clear that Newbold had not discovered the key to the Voynich MS., (which may not be the work of Bacon), and that the cipher he thought he had discovered in the Latin works existed only in his own imagination.

There is not the shadow of a doubt that the messages Newbold read from the Voynich MS. and the Latin works were not written by a thirteenth-century philosopher, but came from his own subconsciousness. The interesting question is why the subconsciousness of Newbold should devise a formula for making copper, a commentary on the works of Lull, and a wholly mythical story of an uprising in Oxford. The problem resembles that connected with the very numerous automatic writings which have a similar origin.

H. S. REDGROVE

* Madame Blavatsky writes thus of Roger Bacon in her *Glossary*:—"He was a wonderful physicist and chemist, and credited with having *invented* gunpowder, though he said he had the secret from 'Asian (Chinese) wise men'."—EDS.

† Concerning these signs, Newbold wrote "After nearly two years of . . . practice I am able to see distinctions which no one else can see, but even to my eye these distinctions are often of the most fugitive and elusive character. I frequently, for example, find it impossible to read the same text twice in exactly the same way." Comment on this seems needless.

Cry Havoc! By BEVERLEY NICHOLS (Jonathan Cape, London. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

"Cry Havoc, and let slip the dogs of war!"—It is now over nineteen years since that fateful late afternoon of Monday, August 3rd, 1914, when the then Sir Edward Grey made the speech on the floor of the House of Commons that sent millions of men to their deaths on the field of battle, leaving in the wake of their lifeblood a welter of national and international chaos of an intensity unique in history. And while conferences come and go, and the international machinery of collective life and intercourse, long gone out of gear, goes from bad to worse, with all the orthodox theories of finance and economics threatening to tumble about our ears, two groups of people, normally a generation apart in years and outlook, are gravitating together in a unity of purpose epitomised in the phrase "Never Again!" One group comprises the millions of men and women who fought and lived through the carnage of the Great War: for they not only suffered the experience of War itself, but are also enduring the aftermath of the futile consequences in which the world is now finding itself. The other group is the younger generation who knew not War, but who have been denied that fair heritage of a world of peace, order, contentment, and the reasonable right to that amity with their neighbours which is an essential factor in the ordered evolution of mankind to the highest forms of the ethical and the spiritual life.

Mainly to this latter category belongs Beverley Nichols, the distinguished young author of the book which forms the subject of this review. In *Cry Havoc!* he has given to the world a message and a challenge neither of which are new. The flood of literature on pacifism and "no more war" is colossal. Much of it has been contributed by men standing high in the estimation of nations. Their words, written or spoken, have carried weight—but they have so often, sooner or later been either forgotten or altered. Beverley Nichols has, on the contrary, given a message to the world that has surely come to stay. Why?

There is first of all a passionate sincerity far beyond the best that has hitherto emerged in the print of the Press. The author of *Cry Havoc!* has poured out his soul in a reality of expression that is far more moving and impressive than that eloquence which comes from the mere trickeries and technique of good writing. His book bears the stamp of vivid truth to a degree that is bound to influence mankind.

No one following, or attempting to follow, the marching and the countermarching of international events can pretend for a moment that an acceptance which, after all, is almost instinctive in civilised mankind, of a theoretical plea of "No More War" can mean its achievement in practice. Beverley Nichols has no illusions on this score. On the basic plea he cannot be clearer:—

> I publicly proclaim . . . my desire to be shot in the nearest backyard, within twenty-four hours of the declaration of war, rather than shoot, or gas, or drown, or otherwise murder any of my fellow men.

But he at once makes it clear that mere "conscientious objection" will get us nowhere. Pacifism must no longer be passive. Then what is to be done about it? Play upon the emotions? What guarantee is there that the same wild audience that will cheer the eloquent pacifist to the echo will not also, given a *casus belli* between two nations, equally cheer the responsible politician who, with or without the sincerity of that other politician who spoke his words on August 3rd, 1914, plays with knowledge and skill upon the vagaries of the mass psychology of a crowd? So we read: "it is useless to attack this hydra-headed monster of war in a state of wild and unreasoning emotion."

There are other basic difficulties. Hope for the future lies with our younger generation. But there is the

natural romanticism of youth, across whose young brains, as Beverley Nichols reminds us, "there flashes the silver of ancient swords" and over the shallow waters of whose understanding "there flutters the reflected gold of flags flying in forgotten winds," whilst "down the long corridors of youth there echoes a sweet trumpet call to battle". To them the anti-war propagandist films at the cinema are not a message of bloody death, but of glory and adventure.

Then there is also the heritage of history—a long, long record of the clashes of nation against nation, with always the destruction of life and property as the stock method of "persuasion". And lastly, and to a great degree linking up with these facts of history, there is the biological background of a world of animal and vegetable life in which strife and killing is ever going on around us, summed up by the stock phrases of the Western scientist—"the struggle for existence" and "the survival of the fittest".

Against this array our author sets, trenchantly, poignantly and sincerely, the plea that the human soul *must* use the gift of civilisation to a better and a higher purpose. That view must prevail, and the more people, young and old, one can persuade to read *Cry Havoc!*, the sooner will the great task be done. Do the publishers, one wonders, realise the opportunity that is in their hands? *Cry Havoc!*, at 7*s.* 6*d.* per copy, is now at least in its third edition within a short time of its first issue. Let them reprint it at 6*d.* per copy, and not only will they count their readers in millions, but they will also have done a service to mankind that will be almost incalculable.

Readers of THE ARYAN PATH are, one hopes, in entire accord with the message of *Cry Havoc!* But they will find especial interest in two groups of chapters in particular. The verbal duel between Yeats Brown of *Bengal Lancer* fame, and Robert Mennel, the Quaker conscientious objector to whose fine stand for his principles Beverley Nichols pays eloquent tribute, must, for example, have a special significance and interest in its handling of the Indian theme, with special reference to the North Western frontier. Equally interesting, and perhaps more impressive, is the portion of the book dealing with armament and the significant peep behind the scenes in the sphere of armament production. For here one is inevitably reminded of an article written long ago by Madame Blavatsky in *Lucifer* under the title "The Blessing of Publicity". Space compels no more than a reference to the remarkably close parallelism of thought and example between the great exponent of Theosophical doctrine of fifty years ago and the youthful apostle of international pacifism who has now given to the world, in *Cry Havoc!*, a new message of hope for the retrieval of mankind from the ruin that threatens it.

IVOR B. HART

My Philosophy. By SIR OLIVER LODGE. (Ernest Benn, London. 21*s.*)

Of the purpose of his book, Sir Oliver Lodge writes:—

> The Ether of Space has been my life study, and I have constantly urged its claims to attention . . . . . I always meant some day to write a scientific treatise about the Ether of Space; but when in my old age I came to write this book, I found that the Ether pervaded all my ideas, both of this world and the next. I could no longer keep my treatise within the proposed scientific confines; it escaped in every direction, and now I find has grown into a comprehensive statement of my philosophy. (Foreword).
>
> Our senses tell us that there is a material world full of things which we can investigate: our instincts and intuitions tell us that there is a mental and spiritual world where also we can feel at home. But the object of this book is to show that there is also an etheric or metetherial world, which spreads over both the other regions, and

may be the means of reconciling them or of enabling us to attend to either or both without dislocation or shock . . . . . My hypothesis is that this same almost unexplored physical substance (the Ether) operates also in the region of life and mind, and ultimately will be found to be the physical vehicle utilised in the spiritual region, so as to constitute the mechanism whereby spirit and matter interact, and that it will ultimately form a bond of union between the two domains experimentally known to humanity. (p. 36)

To carry out the purpose thus indicated, Sir Oliver sketches the history and development of the Ether hypothesis in modern physics from the time of Newton onwards. His exposition of its bearing on light, gravitation, electricity and magnetism, is admirably lucid, and he succeeds in making difficult ideas understandable to unscientific minds. The almost entire absence of mathematical formulae is a most commendable feature of the book from the layman's point of view. Sir Oliver very definitely aligns himself with the physicists of the older school who believed in the Ether as a substantial reality, and he deprecates those ultra-modern theories—popularised by Sir James Jeans—which will have none of it, but try to reduce the Universe to the thinking—or dreaming—of a divine mathematician.

Now although some of Sir Oliver's doctrines as to the part played by the Ether in physics may be open to dispute by other men of science, there is no question but that they are based on profound knowledge, illuminated by deep and earnest thought, and set forth in a style that is at once clear and interesting. When he leaves physics for psychology, however, his treatment of his subject matter is less satisfactory. While his application of the Ether hypothesis to psychical problems is in many respects helpful and suggestive, yet we venture to think it would have been much more so had Sir Oliver's study of the religions and philosophies of the past, especially those of India, been anything like commensurate with his knowledge of physical science. For him, coherent philosophic thought appears to have been born with the foundation of the Royal Society; and he is apparently quite unaware that some of the theories, which he seems to have deduced *de novo*, are immemorially old: for example the existence of an etheric (or astral) body as the link between the mind and the physical body, which was propounded in English print by H. P. Blavatsky nearly sixty years ago as being the traditional teaching of the Occultists of all ages. Significant of Sir Oliver's disregard of the past is the fact that the index to his book contains no mention of any Greek or Indian thinker: in fact the only ancient authors referred to are Ovid and St. Paul!

Sir Oliver Lodge's philosophy may be summed up as Spiritism, interpreted in the light of the Ether theory, and tinged with Christianity. He frankly accepts the spiritist hypothesis, which he defines as

that we are spirits here and now, operating on material bodies, being, so to speak, incarnate in matter for a time, but that our real existence does not depend on association with matter, although the index and demonstration of our activity does . . . . . In brief, we are immortal spirits in temporary association with matter. Probably it is through this bodily restriction and isolation that we become individualised and acquire a permanent personality. . . . (pp. 291, 297)

But is not this idea of "permanent personality," which is the cherished belief of both Christians and Spiritualists, incredible in the light of what we know about the personality? Born in time, it goes through a succession of changes and developments, and at last dies: it is essentially the creature of time and change; and, as such, how can it be or become permanent? Far more consistent with both our knowledge and our aspirations is the ancient doctrine that the real man is to be regarded as a pilgrim through matter, who assumes and doffs one personality after another until he becomes perfected in love, wisdom and strength. This teaching insists on the impermanence of the personal man,

but holds that, just as a lasting perfume may be distilled from blossoms which fade and die in a few short hours, so from the experiences of a fleeting lifetime, which in their details pass into oblivion after death, the pilgrim spirit may extract something which belongs not to time but to eternity.

R. A. V. M.

Inland Far. The Bedford Edition of the Works of CLIFFORD BAX (Lovat Dickson, Ltd., London. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

Somebody once said that you could drag a cow through all the picture galleries of Europe, but that—at the end of the trip—it would still be only a cow. In other words, it is not what we do but what we become that is important.

Most books of reminiscences—and there has been a plague of them—are boring beyond endurance. The reader is put in the stocks and pelted with anecdotes. The writer is so in love with his subject-matter that he assumes it is equally interesting to everyone. Imagining that he is exhibiting his wealth, he reveals an inner poverty. The facts that it is not easy to recapture atmosphere; that it is difficult to convey a thrill; that conversations which seemed brilliant at the time often become dull or unreal when printed—are all ignored. They cast no shadow therefore over the writer's sunny exhuberance.

But Mr. Clifford Bax has not written a book of reminiscences. His sub-title is: "A Book of Thoughts and Impressions." It is true that he is concerned with memories, but these are not anecdotes—they are milestones. They serve to indicate an inner progression. They reveal the road which led to a philosophy.

Every man has to come to terms with actuality. The duration and intensity of the conflict is the measure of the man. Where the conflict is brief, or non-existent, it is because the individual accepts prevailing conditions and is concerned only to exploit them in his own interest. Many a man in Hamlet's place would have been happy enough. He would have taken his world as he found it, and made the best out of it. Hamlet's life was a tragedy because he was sensitive. And a sensitive does not come to terms easily with actuality, for he cannot accept the ready-made, the second-hand, the traditional. He must earn his values.

There is one passage in Mr. Bax's book which best reveals his philosophy:—

> Even under sore stress, I should feel that life is a dream, alternately terrible and enchanting; that the tangible world is a phantasmal picture; that something in every man exists beyond it; and that one day, whether here or not here, I shall wholly wake up and perceive, with compassion and mirth, how crazily the real is distorted in our eyes during this familiar process of living . . . . These are not convictions to which I have dragooned my mind, they are modes of being that I cannot undo.

This philosophy was, perhaps, inevitable for one who, as a youth, found that "the greatest writers began to seem like children. They had known nothing that is essential, had drawn life only from the outside, had seen man only in his mortal aspect; and could I have felt sure that his visions were valid, I had sooner have talked with Swedenborg than with Shakespeare."

There is space only to invite attention to pages 203-210, which are concerned with writers and reading—and to add that Mr. Bax's book takes the reader to many places, and introduces him to some eminent people and to a host of well-known ones.

CLAUDE HOUGHTON

Brutes and Beasts. By JOHN SWAIN (Noel Douglas, London.)

The author of this book claims that he has merely attempted to bring within its scope the main ancient modes of cruelty to form a comparison with the cruelty at present practised. In fulfilment of his purpose he has assembled a collection of sufficiently horrible accounts of cruelties perpetrated on animals in the past, derived from such sources as the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, Lecky's *History of European Morals* and Fairholme and Pain's *Century of Work for Animals*. It cannot be regarded as a well balanced book and it contains certain inaccuracies and these defects detract from its value as a moral appeal. The details of horrible barbarities, openly practised by our ancestors, do not help to bring home to the average citizen the defects of existing legislation which it is the work of the humanitarian to endeavour to remove. The author's real attitude is sometimes not easy to determine: his views on certain present-day evils are strongly, even violently, expressed, but on others he shows a curious laxity, or inconsistency.

It is impossible in a short review to deal with all the topics covered but, to take the two most prominently controversial subjects, we find the author in the chapter on Hunting introduces a recital of pathological cases of sadistic aberration from medical text books and then adds: "And thus you have the spirit of fox-hunting in a nutshell. Sexual vice and cruelty go hand in hand together down the ages." This of course is nonsense to anybody conversant with the facts, and is calculated to alienate readers who, however much they may desire to see drag-hunts replacing fox-hunting, know that their aim will never be accomplished, but only retarded, by exaggerations of this type. The author is on safer ground when he deals with otter hunting and hare coursing and hunting, as in these sections he has put on record first-hand descriptions from witnesses which have educational value. He makes an error in stating (p. 110) that deer brought to bay are "dispatched either by a humane killer or with a gun". This amelioration of the deer's fate has been partially, though not completely, achieved under pressure of public opinion, but there is still much clinging to the old ritual with a knife among old fashioned devotees of the chase.

On the subject of vivisection, which occupies forty pages, the author's position seems to be that vivisection has benefited the human race but should be under more satisfactory inspection. He tells us:—

> If vivisection was abolished, there can be little doubt that vivisectors . . . would practise it in secret without the limits of the Act. This could not be helped. If vivisection is wrong, it must be abolished, and one does not amend our laws forbidding murder because murders are perpetrated. But the effect of abolition in England would increase to a vast extent legal and unrestricted vivisection, as vivisectors would carry out their experiments outside the British Isles.

The statement, twice repeated, that the R. S. P. C. A. does not oppose vivisection is erroneous. It is, and always has been, opposed to all experiments calculated to cause pain, and it was the R. S. P. C. A. which was largely instrumental in securing the limitation of experiment in this country. The Bill which emerged as the Act of 1876 as originally drafted by the R. S. P. C. A. would have provided much more effective limitation and complete inspection, but, like so many private members' bills in Parliament, it was mutilated by so-called amendments. It is of course true that this century-old Society, while maintaining its original policy, leaves the active propaganda against vivisection to the half dozen organisations which have been expressly formed to educate public opinion on the subject. Incidentally it may be mentioned that our Scots brethren would not appreciate the reference to their own Society as a "branch" of the English R. S. P. C. A. Finally the author holds the strange view that some opponents of vivisection hold, "that if vivisection was abol-

ished, the first step would be taken towards the abolition of the slaughter of animals and *lead to the self-abuse of vegetarianism*" (p. 183—italics ours). We cannot pretend to understand this extraordinary statement and imagine that to our Indian readers it will be equally unpalatable. Shortly, this book, while containing much that is interesting and covering a very extensive range, falls short of the kind of volume we anticipated from its subject matter, of which it is impossible not to realise the importance for the ethical advancement of humanity.

EDITH WARD

Renascent India. By H. C. E. Zacharias, Ph. D. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

The major portion of this book has to do with Indian politics, with which THE ARYAN PATH has no concern, but the first chapter treats of the social reform movement and may be fittingly noticed here. The author shows sympathetic discernment and insight in dealing with the services of such great leaders as Ram Mohan Roy, Keshav Chander Sen, Dayanand Saraswati, Ranade and others in the field of social reform, but many readers will feel that his treatment of the late Mr. Tilak is tinged with prejudice, and that Sir Syad Ahmad's great work for the social uplift of his community should not have been overlooked. The author's handling of the different aspects of the philosophy and technique of Satyagraha, as taught by Mr. Gandhi, is excellent, and although there is some confusion of thought owing to his Roman Catholic predilections, he appears to have taken special pains to set out, in a spirit of impartiality, what he considers to be the merits and demerits of Mr. Gandhi's teachings.

Of special interest to the readers of this journal will be the comments of the author on the part played by the late Mrs. Besant and her Adyar Theosophical Society in connection with the social and religious development of India. People who derive their inspiration from Adyar will certainly chafe at Mr. Zacharias's remarks, but we venture to state that those who will take the trouble to study the subject impartially, will find reason to endorse the author's views. Although Mr. Zacharias himself has no clear conception of true Theosophy as propounded by Madame Blavatsky, his knowledge is quite sufficient to point out most correctly that the activities emanating from Adyar have not been in harmony with the teachings of Madame Blavatsky. Of this "Theosophical" Society, he writes:—

> I think it is no exaggeration to say that, in India at least, it is already a thing with only a past and without a future.

This is a perfectly valid statement, we think, as far as the Society under discussion is concerned, but true Theosophy, as propounded by Madame Blavatsky is a living and vitalizing force ever finding wider and wider acceptance among the intellectual classes, as is made abundantly clear in the pages of THE ARYAN PATH.

Mr. Zacharias is a devout Roman Catholic, and this fact has in more places than one led him to express views which will almost certainly provoke a smile from his Indian readers. For instance, as regards Ranade, he says:—"To a Catholic it must remain a real mystery how such a man, possessed of so many parts of the Truth, failed to see Truth as a whole—as we see it." And, while dealing with the "Inner Light" implicitly followed by Mr. Gandhi, our author says:—

> He lacks in matters of faith and morals the objective norm and criterion of Truth, which the Catholic possesses in the magisterium of a Church divinely founded for that purpose.

But such minor blemishes as these cannot detract from the solid value of the author's survey of the social and religious development in India since the 'thirties of the last century.

J. P. W.

Why We Oppose the Occult. By EMILE CAILLIET, trans. by George Franklin Cole. (University of Pennsylvania Press, Philadelphia. $ 2.)

The author of this singular work is Assistant-Professor of Romance Languages and Philosophy at the University of Pennsylvania. As he wrote it in French, he cannot be held responsible for the many departures from English usage and grammar perpetrated by the translator, Assistant-Professor of French in the same University, who ought to know, for instance, that our language speaks of Leiden or Leyden, not Leyde, that *bouc* means a he-goat, and that the correct translation of *le démon* is "the Devil".

The "We" of the title seems to signify the consensus of civilised opinion; under "the Occult" the author includes almost every conceivable practice or belief which involves the assumption of anything supernormal or non-human, except rites of worship directed towards a deity conceived as beneficent. He deals, uncritically and in a way indicative of wide but very ill-digested reading, with savage magic, including some ritual which does not imply the invocation of any spirit, but merely the concept of *mana*; with ancient and mediaeval divination and witch-craft (as regards the former, about three-quarters of his references are erroneous, one of the absurdest being a confusion of Lucian with Lucan); finally with modern spiritualism, and what he refers to by the odd name of metaphysics, meaning, it would seem, an attempt at the philosophic and scientific study of mediumistic phenomena. In all these he finds a large common element, neglecting the wide differences existing, for instance, between the practices of savage and barbarian medicine-men and the numerous and interesting forms of learned magic which have made their appearance from time to time in Europe. He entirely sympathises with the opposition such practices have generally excited, at least in recent times; but he denies that it is intellectual in its origin, the logical and scientific objections to spiritualism, especially, being a mere mask for something quite different. This is "the ancestral fear of the dead" which such phenomena as those of the séance "bring to the threshold of consciousness" (p. 171). His conclusion (p. 184) is that "the occult is absolutely to be rejected," that "for our times, supreme wisdom consists not only in keeping well away from that descent to Avernus, but even in banishing its thought". It constitutes, it would seem, a grave danger, not so much from ordinary ghosts as from other and less desirable denizens of the spirit world.

It is to be noted that all this is contained in a treatise purporting to be philosophical. Presumably it will be news to the author to learn that, among men of any scientific training who disbelieve in alleged supernormal phenomena, their disbelief is as unemotional as their rejection of the theory of phlogiston, and dictated by the same reasons, namely distrust of some of the evidence and conviction that the rest of it can be better explained in other ways.

H. J. ROSE

[The author of this book holds a "theological" view of the Occult, rejecting it, in his conclusion, "because in the last analysis it 'comes from the Evil One'." But he does not deny its existence. The reviewer does not state his position, unless we are to infer from his closing paragraph that he is in sympathy with those men of "scientific training, who disbelieve in alleged supernormal phenomena". It seems to strike neither author nor reviewer that there may exist a science of Occultism as accurate, if not more accurate, than modern physical science. On what logical basis, therefore, can either the theologian or modern scientist afford to dispense with a careful study of the supernormal phenomena which are engaging the attention of thousands, often in a most unscientific and dangerous manner?—EDS.]

CORRESPONDENCE

THE SUFIS AND REINCARNATION

[**Dr. R. A. Nicholson** is Professor of Arabic and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. He is respected as an authority on Persian and Islamic Literatures and has numerous volumes to his credit, among them the recently edited *The Mathnawi of Jalaluddin Rumi*, with translation and commentary, which was reviewed in THE ARYAN PATH for July.—EDS.]

It is a dangerous thing to interpret a few verses of Sufi poetry in their literal and obvious sense, without reference either to the historical development of mysticism in Islam or to the general principles and tendencies of the author's doctrine or to other passages in his writings which prove that this interpretation is impossible. Your correspondent, J. S., seems to assume, as a matter of course, that Rumi's words, "First you were mineral, later you became a plant; then you became animal . . . .; afterwards you were made man," express "faith in transmigration," and he proceeds to argue that, having gone so far, the poet was logically bound to go further and believe that the disembodied soul, as a rule, must return to earth for a new series of reincarnations. The fact is, however, that Rumi, like all the great Sufi teachers, unequivocally repudiates the heresy of *tanāsukh*. His idea of spiritual evolution is something quite different and is based on a theory of the soul which I have explained elsewhere* in words that perhaps I may be allowed to repeat here :—

The Sufis, following Aristotle, distinguish three categories of soul—vegetable, animal, and reasonable. The vegetable soul is common to plants, animals, and man; its functions are growth, nourishment, and reproduction. The animal soul is shared by animals and man; its functions are perception and sensation, and its motive faculties desire and anger. The reasonable soul, or principle of reason, is peculiar to man and is the only part of him that survives death. These three souls are combined in the individual human soul and may be regarded as the first three steps of the ladder to be climbed when it begins its life on earth.

Thus the ascent of the soul, as Sufis conceive it, is essentially a transmutation of its lower elements, a process of interior purification, which culminates in union with the World-soul. Just as "you become a plant" means "you become endowed with the functions of the vegetable soul," so "you will become an angel" means "you will be freed from the contamination of the body and not only reach, but finally surpass, the angelic nature". There is no assurance of "jumping directly to a state of angelhood". The unpurified soul is punished in Hell: in other terms, it survives in a state of selfhood which cuts it off from the beatific Vision enjoyed by the righteous. But this punishment is not eternal; ultimately all souls are saved, for the Divine

* *Transactions of the Society for Promoting the Study of Religions*, No. 4, p. 46.

mercy knows no limit. Purged of ignorance and unbelief, every soul receives in proportion to its original capacity the knowledge and faith that enable it to realise its unity with the Spirit whence all come and whither all return.

Cambridge. R. A. NICHOLSON

THE MYSTICAL AND THE OCCULT

While feeling a certain amount of sympathy with Mr. Lawrence Hyde's ideas it is clear that the difference between the mystical and the occult he endeavours to make is almost entirely one of nomenclature. Considering the pseudo-theosophical sources consulted by him one can scarcely wonder at his attitude; and his tilting at all the self-styled occultists whose reported explorations of the Unseen Universe are all mutually exclusive, is a needed protest; but why should brain-spun fancies be accepted by him as genuine Occultism?

One feels a serious doubt, however, when Mr. Hyde begins his criticism of *Light on the Path* as to whether he has really read it. To dub the book as teaching a "kill-out" doctrine would seem to indicate that only one half of the rules had been read and that the complementary aphorism to each of the few rules which contain these two words had been entirely overlooked. Yet it is only when the complete idea is studied that the paradox is resolvable. Moreover, it is just those explanatory sentences which give the "sublimation" Mr. Hyde thinks is lacking. He desires the point to be followed up. We do so with pleasure since *Light on the Path* itself says "the whole nature of man must be used wisely by the one who desires to enter the way" and that "the way is not found by devotion alone, by religious contemplation alone, by ardent progress, by self-sacrificing labour, by studious observation of life". We are afraid that Jesus could not pass Mr. Hyde's test as he is reported to have said that only "he who loses his life for my sake shall find it," but would have to be relegated to the ranks of the "kill-outs",

Perhaps the counsel given by Krishna to Arjuna may offer a solution,

> Children only and not the wise speak of renunciation of action and of right performance of action as being different. He who perfectly practises the one receives the fruits of both. That man seeth with clear sight who seeth that the Sankhya and the Yoga doctrines are identical. (*Bhagavad-Gita*, v. 4-6)

London. J. O. M.

THE NAZI POSITION

I am sorry to see that even you, a journal standing for independent thought and dispassionate inquiry, have entirely failed to understand what is happening in Germany. Your verdict is not that of a judge who has heard both parties, but is one-sidedly prejudiced by the reports of emigrants hostile to the present German Government. We have had a revolution, yes, but one of the least bloody and best justifiable ones the world has ever seen, and the cause of it is those who now complain. It is true that at the beginning there were a few outrages, also that the final settlement is hitting a number of innocent sufferers, but it is equally true that the change, on the whole, is for the best of the country. The general corruption under the past Government had taken formidable dimensions, and there is ample evidence now to show that this was first of all due to the growing Jewish influence which was driving with rapidity to the very catastrophe that unhappy Russia has undergone by the very same influence. Jews in responsible positions were twenty times as many when the new revolution broke out as at the end of the War. Surely, Germany has a right to refuse to be governed by foreigners, though domiciled, whose chief characteristic is their tenacity in preserving their race. Still we have

no persecution of Jews here; even Government posts, which will be barred to them henceforth, have not been taken away from those who have fought for Germany and not afterwards taken to political activity on the side of the Left, while even those who are dismissed are as a rule allowed a pension.

The ideal of Universal Brotherhood may seem to require internationalism; but the barbarous treaty enforced on Germany at Versailles has shown how far we are still from that ideal and that nothing can save Germany but a strong nationalism coupled with socialism. *Nationalsozialismus* is the stepping-stone to Universal Brotherhood. The time for the "citizen of the world" has not yet come except for very few; but that a nation can be made to rise within itself above caste and class prejudice and feel a great brotherhood has probably never been shown more effectively than is now the case in Germany.

The Svastika is neither a peculiarly Indian symbol nor is it being insulted by "Hitlerism" as you say. It is pre-Aryan, and nobody can tell where it originated. Having been known in Germany since prehistoric times, and meaning, as it does, the rise of a benign power or lucky time, it could be adopted with perfect right by a clean and hopeful Germany rising from an abyss of corruption. It is not, of course, by itself an anti-Semitic symbol, but has come to be understood in this sense also, because in its meaning is involved that of the preservation of the nation from the disruption, which latter in this country meant Jewish influence more than anything else.

The danger Germany has escaped is, *mutatis mutandis*, the same which Arjuna depicts in the first discourse of the *Bhagavadgita* (vs. 40 fll.). The "caste-confusion," *i. e.*, in our case "race-confusion," had reached a point where only drastic measures, such as those taken against the Jews, could still help. Germany has a great leader now, who is an example of self-sacrifice (drawing, *e. g.*, no salary and abstaining from meat, alcohol and tobacco), and under his guidance is regaining her health. She is going through a marvellous rebirth, indeed, which is manifest everywhere, especially in her youth. Those are sadly mistaken who still believe, on the authority of dishonest reports, that we are in the clutches of the Dark Powers. To them I can say nothing better than "Come and see!"

Kiel, Germany. F. OTTO SCHRADER

[Our esteemed correspondent mistakes a little the position of THE ARYAN PATH in regard to the anti-Semitic stand of the Hitler Government. As repeatedly affirmed, THE ARYAN PATH is a non-political as well as a non-sectarian journal; but protest against acts, by whomsoever committed, which negative the spirit of Brotherhood, is well within the lines of its scope and purpose. It would be manifestly unfair to arraign the German people for race prejudice, because, unfortunately, that feeling sways most people in the world, either consciously or unrealized by themselves. It is one thing, however, to feel race prejudice, but to recognize it as unworthy and something to be overcome as far as possible, and quite another thing to accept it as a basis for State policy. In taking the latter course, Germany made herself, as it were, a focal point for the forces aroused by race antagonisms; and injustice and suffering were bound to manifest themselves.

Dr. Schrader's statement that Hitler is a vegetarian and abstainer from wine and tobacco carries no guarantee of his purity of motive or of spirituality. Many who dabble in the occult arts and even pursue questionable magic practices abstain from wine, tobacco, and meat. The significance of the fact lies in its probable relation to Hitler's alleged leanings to what he understands by "occultism".—EDS.]

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"————————ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."

HUDIBRAS.

In a remarkable article, "Twilight of the Gods," in the October *Living Age* (U. S. A.), the Editor points out that organized religion is losing ground throughout the world. We summarize it here :—

Every social upheaval of recent years has been accompanied by a religious upheaval of corresponding violence. The plight of Greek Catholicism in Russia is well known. In the Latin lands, which long were its chief stronghold, Roman Catholicism has lost much ground, as witness the anti-ecclesiastical stand of the revolution in Spain, as of the earlier bourgeois revolutions in France and Italy. In France, the placing of the monarchist organ, the *Action Française* on the papal Index in 1926 affected its circulation little, although most subscribers were nominal Catholics. The Vatican has recently come tractably to terms with the German leaders who have humiliated Catholicism in that country. The Church's losses in Western Europe have been only partly compensated by gains in Poland and Eastern Europe. Nor are the Protestants in Europe in much better state. German Protestantism has been made frankly subservient to the Nazi dictatorship; and non-church members are reported multiplying faster than members of any of the confessions. The Church of England is claimed to have declined in the number and mental vigour of its candidates for ordination and the growing vogue of Buchmanism, with its "confessional" week-end house parties, is a sad commentary upon the intellectual power of England's spiritual leaders.

The churches in the United States have shown some growth in numbers since the turn of the century, but an officer of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America recently saw one of the most conspicuous features of the depression in the fact that "No matter how badly the nation has suffered, it cannot be said that any large number of people have gone to the churches for solace." In Mexico the churches were closed in 1926 by Government decree, and, when reopened, were claimed to be under Government ownership and control.

Islam also has lost ground wherever, as in Turkey, it has come into conflict with national loyalty. The writer excepts such peoples as the Arabian Wahabis, among whom a zealous and even militant form of Mohammedanism persists, but he believes that, as such communities disappear before the advance of industrialism, their religion will vanish with them. The author claims the rapid growth of religious indifference in India, and cites in proof the undermining of the Hindu doctrine of untouchability, which he ascribes to political motives. In China the hold of organized religion was never strong. While Christianity has made no progress among the masses, more Chinese leaders hold the foreign faith than even religious indifference in the West would brook. Japan has reconciled the conflict between religion and patriotism more successfully than any other country, for there the Mikado's divine descent assures him the devotion of both the patriot and the priest.

The writer protests against the assumption that the trend away from church and mosque means a trend towards materialism. Men are as willing as ever to fight unselfishly for a cause, although the causes for which they will fight and die no longer include organized religion or the mysteries with

which it has concerned itself. But the fear of death outlives the collapse of beliefs in specific dogmas, and the writer notes an unfortunate tendency, as organized religion fails, for its late devotees to turn to spiritualists and astrologers, psychologists, faith healers, and the like, for reassurance and for consolation.

From his examination, the Editor of *The Living Age* concludes :—

In those countries where organized religion has collapsed most completely, the most complete kind of revolution has occurred. In those countries where industrialism has advanced furthest, organized religion has declined proportionately to industrial advance. The future of organized religion would therefore seem to be most precarious in those countries where it has already been weakened by advancing industrialization but where no revolution has yet occurred. But if revolution is a portent of religious collapse, may not religious decline also be a portent of impending revolution ?

In the main, we find the position of the Editor of *The Living Age* well-founded. We take issue with him, however, on one point. We question the claim that people are not getting more materialistic. What is the turning he deplores to Buchman, Coué, Freud, and Mrs. Eddy but a blind, panic-stricken snatch at something tangible, as drowning men grasp straws ? The Coué mantram, absurd as it seems to the philosopher, yet fills the empty shrine of many an uncured idolater whose old idol has crashed.

The weakening of the hold of organized religions upon their followers is surely matter for congratulation, but man cannot stop with bare negation. Agnosticism is but a temporary halt. Men do not need dogmatic creeds, but they do need a secure basis upon which to reconstruct their crumbling faith—the basic truths which are our heritage—stripped of the centuries' overgrowths of creed and superstition. Those and an understanding of psychology would quickly rout the hosts of charlatans that batten upon human hopes and fears. A sound philosophy of life is indispensable to happiness of mind, and mankind never was in greater need than now of the primitive soul-satisfying philosophy of the ancient world. Theosophy, pure and unadulterated, is such a philosophy ; but even Theosophy has not escaped the corrupting influence of the priest and his credulous victim. To free the victim of religious fear, to arm the weak with the strength of his own soul, to supply the aspirant to a better life with adequate knowledge—these are among the tasks of this journal.

A sound philosophy of action implies sound knowledge of psychology —as far as the modern West is concerned, a very unreliable science, young and fanciful. We obtain a good idea of its topsy-turvy nature in a recent article by W. Drabovitch entitled " Fragilité de la Liberté, Essaie de Psychologie Sociale," in *Mercure de France* for 1st October, 1933, in which the psycho-physiological explanation of our inability to acquire permanent liberty is offered, together with a concrete remedy for the situation.

Basing his arguments on Pavlov's experiments in Russia and Janet's

in France, the writer deals with three important points: (1) the law of inhibition, (2) the high nervous tension necessary to perform any action (leading in many cases to hysteria), (3) the shifting or changing of energy from a weaker tendency or centre of action to one more powerful and forceful. The use and appreciation of liberty exacts great nervous tension. We might, if forced to a state of liberty when all our inhibitions were against it, become gibbering maniacs. When we have a certain amount of material comfort we are able to keep up this high tension for a while, but as soon as depressing events arise, we fall short and, as a collectivity, become a soft mass to be shaped and guided under the skilful hands of a demagogue. The only way to remedy this situation is to gain a balance, an equilibrium, between our inhibitions and the processes causing excitement. This would lead to self-mastery and self-discipline. W. Drabovitch explains:—

> Avec les réflexes basés sur l'inhibition, le freinage, on exerce à l'inhibition les turbulents; avec les réflexes stimulants on exerce à l'excitation les apathiques, les déprimés.

This method, on a small scale, is already being applied to children. W. Drabovitch generously admits that his plan does not exclude other methods, but he hopes that France will soon found an experimental laboratory based on these principles, in order to educate "the reflex of liberty" which is to go hand in hand with national defence.

We sincerely hope that this will not come about, either in France or in any other country. W. Drabovitch's wish both annoys and saddens. It proves once more that the modern tendencies of psychology and sociology are still based on purely materialistic and mechanistic theories. We are urged to consider ourselves so mechanical that the mere flashing of certain stimuli will produce an equilibrium point, which is erroneously labelled "self-mastery". We are not souls, then, not real thinking beings with the power of choice. Man is no longer a sublime creature, acting from inner convictions, following the precepts of his highest thoughts and aspirations. Man is just a robot, and his "self-discipline" is imposed from without by means of calculated stimuli. These theories have long been basic in modern psychology. Psychologists scorn the existence of mind, spirit, or soul, and, calling themselves Behaviourists or by any other name, they explain the most complex of man's reactions by the simple formula S. . . . R. And yet they glibly talk of self-control and, like W. Drabovitch, may even misquote such great words as those uttered by Clemenceau, "Les républiques les plus républicaines ne seront un progrès que si elles peuvent mettre l'homme en état de se régler". If we follow W. Drabovitch, self-control is not the control of the personality, of all thoughts, actions and desires by that which is higher, the immortal ego, but a balance depending only upon whether or not outside stimuli strike our inhibitions.

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